THE BYSTANDER
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OCTOBER 17, 1928
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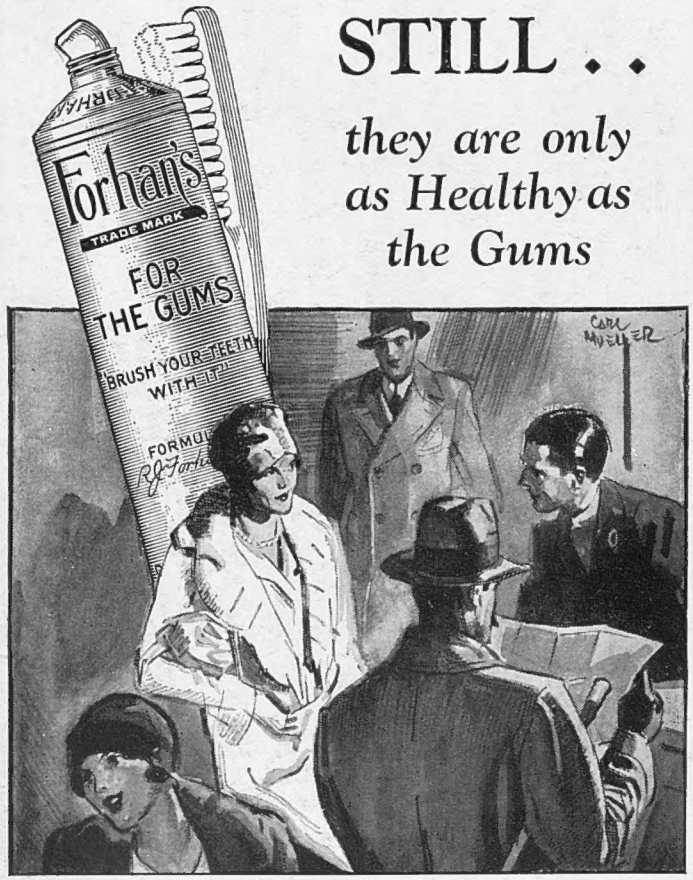

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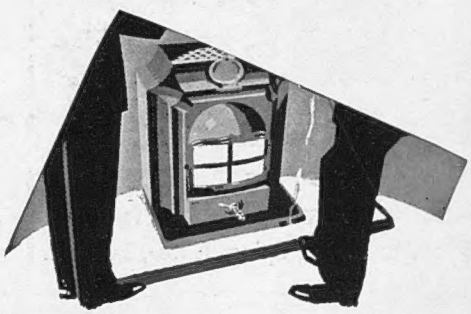

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No. 1296. Vol. C

The BYSTANDER

Central Press

ROYAL PLUCK

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles photographed at their Irish home, Portumna Castle. Despite the machinations of the incendiarists who attempted to destroy part of the castle on the eve of their arrival, Princess Mary gave yet further proof of the unflinching courage which has always distinguished our Royal Family by refusing to cancel her visit. The reception accorded to her and to Lord Lascelles clearly showed how much appreciated was her action

Photopress

SIR KYNASTON AND LADY STUDD

The new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London may confidently expect a successful year of office, although Sir Kynaston follows two brilliant occupants of the Chair, Sir Rowland Blades, now Lord Ebbisham, and Sir Charles Batho. The new Lord Mayor can certainly claim the distinction of being the greatest cricketer to hold the office, as, years ago, he was already famous as one of the "set of Studds" who made history in Eton and Cambridge cricket. For many years Sir Kynaston has been Chairman of the Polytechnic

ROYALTY AT NEWCASTLE *Keystone*

The King inspecting the Guard of Honour during Their Majesties' visit to Newcastle for the opening of the new Tyne Bridge. Their first call was at Heaton Secondary School

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Royal Chimney

THE KING AND QUEEN generally pay a short visit to Sandringham after the return of the Court from Balmoral. This year when they arrive they will find Queen Maud of Norway already settled at Appleton House, the house on the Sandringham Estate which was one of her wedding presents from King Edward. Queen Maud always spends two or three months there each autumn, returning to Oslo in time for Christmas.

Before Appleton House was suitable as a residence for the then Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark considerable alterations and additions had to be made and a well-known London architect was called in. His Royal clients were highly satisfied with his work, but soon after they had gone into the house he was summoned in hot haste. The fireplace in the hall smoked so badly that it was impossible to light the fire.

The architect went down at once, and Princess Charles, as she then was, herself showed him the offending fireplace, and asked him if nothing could be done. He stooped down and looked up the chimney.

"What do you think can be done?" asked the Princess.

"If your Royal Highness would direct the housemaid to open the register when she lights the fire, there will be no smoke," was the answer.

The closed register of that chimney was a great joke at Appleton House for a long time afterwards.

WITH THE NURSES *Keystone*

Her Majesty chatting with members of the nursing staff during the recent Royal visit to Newcastle. The nurses were members of the Queen Alexandra Hospital

Two Fires

PRINCESS MARY and Lord Lascelles are having uncomfortable experiences from fires. First the stables at Goldsborough Hall were burnt down, with the loss of six valuable hunters, and now the stables and garage at Portumna Castle, in County Galway, have been practically gutted.

Portumna has been unlucky in the way of fires. A century ago the original castle was burnt down, and after standing derelict and uninhabited for years its successor likewise was burnt comparatively recently. The late Marquess of Clanricarde, from whom Lord Lascelles inherited the property, preferred his rooms in Albany,

where he was within easy reach of his club, the picture dealers, and bric-à-brac shops, to his castle in Ireland. He was so unpopular with his Irish tenantry that residence at Portumna would have been the reverse of pleasant. It is said that Lord Lascelles now intends to rebuild the castle for his eldest son.

A Riviera Garden

THE Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have taken the Château de la Garoupe, Lord Aberconway's villa near Antibes, for a short time. They will be the tenants of not only a charming house, but of one of the most beautiful gardens on the Riviera. In fact, many people find it difficult to decide which is the more beautiful, Mr. Hanbury's garden at La Mortola, between Bordighera and Ventimiglia, or the one belonging to Lord Aberconway at Château de la Garoupe.

Lady Aberconway was the creator of this glorious Riviera garden, and also of the one at Bodnant, the beautiful place in Denbighshire she inherited from her father, the late Mr. Henry Pochin. Her skill and interest in gardening have been inherited by her only son, the Hon. Henry McLaren, who, in spite of a very occupied life as a Member of Parliament and the director of various companies, has found time to produce with great skill several new varieties of flowers and improve old ones.

Topical

A MEET IN YORKSHIRE

A photograph of the opening meet of the Ampleforth College Beagles. The field of a hundred and fifty boys are seen here moving off

Central News

"FORTY YEARS ON"

A group photographed on Founders Day at Harrow. In the centre, on the left, is Dr. Norwood, the Headmaster of Harrow

A SOCIETY FILM PRODUCER

Miss Hazel Ffennell, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Ffennell, is one of the first Society girls to write the scenario and produce an eighteen-reel film, which was shown at the Royal College of Music recently. The subject of the film was a mediæval romance, in which clanking knights, villains, kidnapping of the heroine, and a white pigeon all played prominent parts

Sixty Miles from a Station

ALTHOUGH it is three years since Viscount Tarbat, the Countess of Cromartie's elder son, came of age, the celebrations have only taken place recently on the Ross-shire estates. This postponement was due to the fact that Lord Tarbat was with his regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders, in India when he attained his majority.

Lady Cromartie has two houses in Ross-shire, Castle Leod, near Dingwall, and Tarbat House, Cromartie Firth, not far from Tain. Her father, the late Earl of Cromartie, lived at Tarbat House, but Lady Cromartie and her husband, Colonel Blunt-Mackenzie, have made Castle Leod, a lofty and picturesque old Highland castle, their home since their marriage some twenty-nine years ago. Tarbat House was let for many years to the late Countess of Moray, whose husband left her a very large income on condition that she spent ten months of every year in Scotland. She had a house in Edinburgh, and divided her time between there and Tarbat.

Lady Cromartie also has property on the West Coast of Scotland, where one of her shooting lodges is sixty miles from the nearest railway station. This surely must constitute a record in Great Britain.

The Cromartie earldom comes from the grandmother of the present

Duke of Sutherland. She was Miss Hay Mackenzie, and inherited from her father the estates of the Earl of Cromartie, attainted after the 1745 rising in Scotland. The estates were restored to the family, but not the title. After she was Duchess of Sutherland Queen Victoria created her Countess of Cromartie in her own right, with succession to her second son and to his heirs, male or female. This son became Earl of Cromartie upon the Duchess's death, and when he died was succeeded by his elder daughter, the present Countess of Cromartie.

"And He, Being Careful"

CAN you beat this? I heard it the other night at dinner. A Scotsman was travelling by ship from Russia. Directly he heard they had entered the Black Sea he borrowed a bucket from one of the crew and lowered it overboard. Then he drew it up and filled his fountain pen.

Sport and General

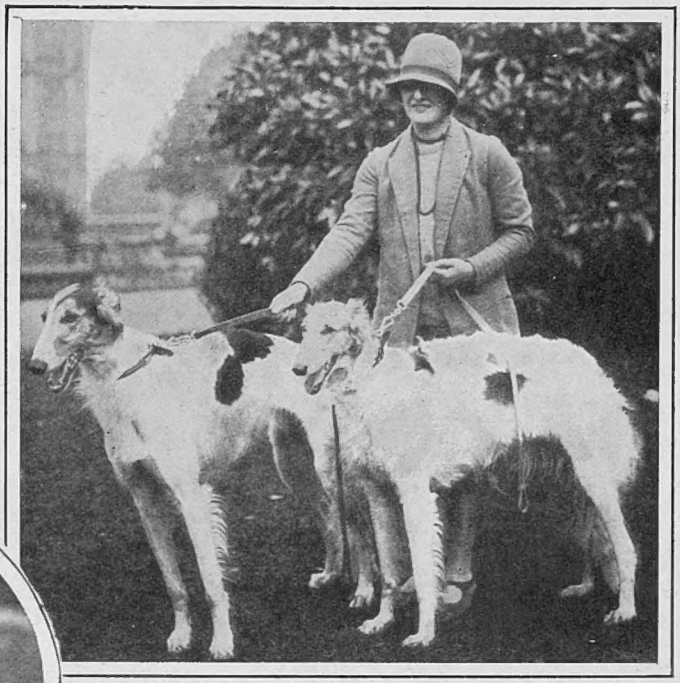
MR. W. DAVID'S COCKER SPANIEL, ROCKFAWR BEN, WON FIRST PRIZE IN THE PUPPY CLASS

A Romantic Engagement

THERE is more than the usual romance in the engagement of the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the Earl of Strathmore's youngest son and the Duchess of York's brother, to Miss Rachel Spender-Clay. One of Mr. Bowes-Lyon's uncles had a house for some time not far from Ford Manor, near Lingfield, the home of Miss Spender-Clay's parents. It was there the young people met as children, and there has been a close friendship between them ever since. Most summers, too, they have met in Scotland.

The bride-to-be is the younger daughter of Colonel Spender-Clay, who has been twice Member for the Tonbridge Division, the second time for eighteen years. Her mother was the only daughter of the late Viscount Astor. Hever Castle, which he converted into a palace surrounded by wonderful gardens at a prodigious expense—one item was the digging out of a huge lake—is only a few miles from Ford Manor. It now belongs to Mrs. Spender-Clay's brother, the Hon. John Astor.

Ford Manor, too, has noteworthy gardens. These gardens were much beautified and improved by Colonel Spender-Clay's mother, Mrs. Beresford-Melville, and they have been still further improved by Mrs. Spender-Clay, who is a keen horticulturist.



L.N.A.

MISS STAPLE SMITH'S PRIZE-WINNING BORZOIS, CLYMAX AND LILYA OF HAYWRA

DOGGY ARISTOCRATS AT THE PALACE

The Annual Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace was again the scene of a vast gathering of dog lovers to see the very cream of canine society. Some of the prize-winning dogs are seen on this page

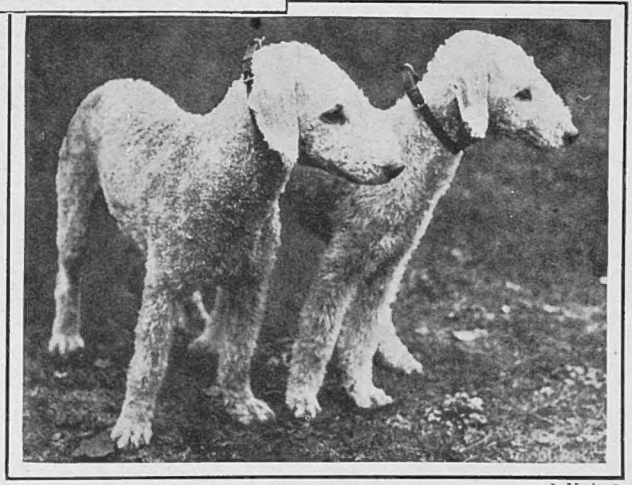
Sport and General

MRS. EDMOND FOLJAMBE'S RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK LION DOG, KHAMI, THE FIRST OF ITS KIND TO BE SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY

A Quotation

THE path of the "lion" hunter is not always strewn with roses. Sometimes, like other hunters, they get a nasty check. Such an experience recently befell one of the most tiresome of the species. She lives in a foreign resort much frequented by English people, and makes it her life's business to "collect" the rich and great, the titled, and the famous amongst them.

One well-known man, however, withstood all her wiles. A rain of invitations invariably found him engaged—her excellent table, the interesting folk she



I.N.A.

CHAMPION BEDLINGTONS BELONGING TO COMMANDER N. D. HOLBROOK, V.C., R.N., AND MR. N. COX

British Illus.

SIR VICTOR AND LADY WARRENDER

Alfieri

MISS LINDLEY WOOD AND THE HON. IVY STAPLETON

Alfieri

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE DRUMMOND

gathered round it, nothing could tempt him. But one day, meeting him in the street, the lady of the lions cornered this elusive specimen. She had an autograph book, she said, in which all the distinguished people in Europe had written their names; wouldn't he also honour her? To refuse would have been churlish, but this distinguished Englishman stipulated that he could only come to her villa at an early hour in the afternoon, thereby avoiding an invitation to luncheon or tea. The lady smilingly agreed.

When he arrived at the time fixed he found her drawing-room full of people. To his great annoyance, an acquaintance amongst them explained that they had all been bidden to meet him. Striding up to the lady, he asked brusquely for her book. She produced it, and he wrote his name. Then she cooed:

"Everybody is so kind as to write a sentiment after their name. Won't you?"

He wrote something quickly. The lady looked at it and gave a little scream of dismay.

"It's a quotation, madam," he said, and walked out of the room.

He had written "D——n your sentiments!" — Sir Peter Teazle's famous outburst in *The School for Scandal.*

His Opinion

CONCERNING autograph books, an ultra highbrow dame, who bored her visitors by asking them to write after their names their opinion of the difference between philosophy and metaphysics, could scarcely have been pleased when one extremely wearied person wrote, "Philosophy is the endurance with which one listens to a discussion on metaphysics," the lady in question having dragged up the subject *à tort et à travers* throughout his visit.

NOTED AT THE NOTTINGHAM RACES

On Giving Up Titles

SOME little time ago the spirit of original house decoration descended upon that prosaic locality, Smith Square, Westminster. Lady Cynthia Mosley, in spite of her sympathies with Labour, was, I believe, the first protagonist of highly expensive schemes of decoration at Number 8, and she was followed by Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley at Gayfere House.

But now Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia are giving up Smith Square and are going to live at Denham, in Buckinghamshire, where they already have a country abode. This, however, is to be enlarged.

Sir Oswald, during the lifetime of his father, the late Sir Oswald Mosley, said that he would not take the title should he ever succeed. But he has not carried out his intention on the ground that "the title is not worth giving up." It is somewhat difficult to follow the line of reasoning. One would have imagined that the argument worked equally the other way—if a title is not worth giving up it is not worth using.

But even if he had so wished, Sir Oswald could not "give up" the title. No process exists, legal or otherwise, in England by which the holder of a title can relinquish it. All he can do is not to use it. And then in the eyes of the law any other name he

Dorothy Wilding

A LONDON WEDDING

The Hon. Grace Stanley, who is to be married to Mr. E. J. Barford at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on October 30. She is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ashfield

Bassano

A WEDDING OF THE MONTH

Miss Eileen Sutcliffe-Smith, whose wedding to Major Reginald Graham Hinde, of the Indian Army, will take place on October 30 at Ripon Cathedral. The Bishop of Sodor and Man will officiate

Central News

THE MISSES BAIRD WITH THE HON. MRS. DUTTON AND MISS E. SPROTT PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE RAILS BETWEEN RACES

Sport and General

MR. H. HOME (left), MISS TEACHER, MR. AND MISS DUNDAS, THE LADIES BRIDGET AND RACHEL DOUGLAS-HOME AND THE MISSES JEAN AND MARJORIE SCOTT

'CHASING NORTH OF THE TWEED

Some of those who were present at the United Border Hunt Steeplechases and Hurdle Races. They were held at Kelso, in Scotland

uses is an *alias*. Of course, like Lord Carbery, anyone to whom a title is irksome can take another name by deed-poll. Lord Carbery's family name is Evans-Freke. He took the name of John Evans Carberry by deed-poll in Nairobi eight years ago, and since then has been known as Mr. Carberry. But taking another name makes no tittle of difference to the peerage. He is still Lord Carbery, and could not sit in the House of Commons.

Viscount Astor, you will remember, tried vainly to remain a Commoner when he succeeded his father.

Sister Aimée's Entrée

CHALIAPINE is back in Town, and your Bystander may have something to say about him shortly, having been invited to "look over" the great man during his sojourn at the Savoy. But it is doubtful if even the famous Russian bass can pack the Albert Hall as Sister Aimée McPherson, of Los Angeles, succeeded in doing, where something like 10,000 persons, good, bad, and indifferent, were packed like sardines in a tin. Even Charles Cochran and Basil Dean, who sat near where I stood, were watching the stage effects of sex evangelism with great interest; *item*, a bower of chrysanthemums; *item*, spotlights which shone with heavenly radiance on the golden head of Sister Aimée. She is distinctly handsome, and reminded me of Miss Gladys Cooper in looks; whilst her silk jumper, plus college badge, pleated skirt, white silk stockings, and white shoes gave a fine stage effect. But why, oh why, does she speak in the accents of Chicago, and why, oh why, did her orchestra of angels fiddling in the background keep on their hats? I fear evangelism must ever remain a mystery—outside of Wales and the U.S.A.

The Latest Society Idea

IT had to come. It has come. The talking films may or may not last, but the up-to-date Society girl has

Sport and General

LADY HADDINGTON (left), LORD HADDINGTON, MRS. BAIRD AND CAPT. LEYLAND

G. W. Day

LORD ALLERTON AND MRS. LEYLAND

determined to be a producer. Miss Hazel Ffennell, the pretty young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Ffennell, of Kensington Park Gardens, has recently written the scenario and produced a highly successful 18-reel film at the Royal College of Music, where it was shown to a private gathering of some 500 friends and participants last week.

The story is a mediæval romance, much of it cast round a moated castle in Kent and at Wytham Abbey, Berkshire, the Ffennell's country seat, in which Mr. Philip Chetwynd plays the part of a truly parfait knight. Miss Catherine Peel is the heroine, who is kidnapped by Black John, the villain outlaw, portrayed by Mr. John Jesse, and Mr. Geoffrey Whitehall Cooke is a wholly militant monk.

A leading part in the story is played by a white pigeon, Miss Ffennell's pet, called "Fray," while villagers and retainers all took a leading part. It is really very well done, the photography and grouping being admirable. It is quite likely that many other Society people will be following Miss Ffennell's lead in the near future. It may make America sit up!

RACING NOTIONS

By CARBINE

L.N.A.

AT NEWMARKET

Mr. Solly Joel with his daughter, Eileen, and Miss Rickaby, both of whom rode in the Newmarket Town Plate. Miss Rickaby was successful in this historic event on Bogus

L.N.A.

SECOND HOME

Mrs. A. Heald on her way to weigh in at the paddock after riding in the Newmarket Town Plate. She finished second on Duc de Guise

Cesarewitch Week

IMPROVED conditions for racing have come in good time for the second of the autumnal meetings at Newmarket. This fixture is ever so much more interesting than that which we had at headquarters a fortnight ago. The Cesarewitch is always one of the biggest attractions of the season at Newmarket, and the gate-money which accrues on the afternoon of this race helps the Jockey Club to pay for many unprofitable days. I have often wondered what could be done to make the majority of the meetings at Newmarket more attractive to the general public. I am bound to say that the sport at the First October Meeting was exceedingly tame for the most part. As I pointed out last week, the general public will not undertake long journeys to and from Newmarket unless it can be assured of really attractive sport with races on which they can have a bet. The man who pays his money to go into Tattersall's ring or into what is known as the "silver tank" does not want a succession of races with only three or four competitors apiece.

Something Snappy

IN these times something snappy is required in race-course programmes, and again I put it to the Stewards of the Jockey Club that the moment is opportune for them to reorganise their programmes. The change would assuredly be appreciated by the general racing public. The Jockey Club has a strong foundation to its financial operations in the shape of the membership of the Private Stand. At the same time, heavy expenses have been incurred lately in improving the stands on the Rowley Mile, and the authorities at G.H.Q. cannot afford to ignore the possibilities of securing further revenue from the gate-money public. It strikes me that the need for brightening up the racing at Newmarket at at least three of its meetings, viz., the Craven, the Second Spring, and the First October, will become all the more pressing when the Totalisator comes into action at headquarters.

When the Tote Comes

THE more people that can be got together on the Heath to bet on the machine the better it will be for the prospects of the financial success of the Tote. I fear that the sparse attendances at headquarters at the recent meeting would not have sufficed to pay the working expenses of the Totalisator during the four days over which the fixture extended. Up to the end of last week I do not think the volume of ante-post betting on the Cesarewitch had been anything like so large as is usually the case. This was, no doubt, due to the fact that the ground was so hard throughout September that trainers found a great difficulty in giving their horses a conventional preparation for the race.

Question of Condition

ALL this has left us rather in the dark as to the precise condition of a number of front-rank candidates. A long time has elapsed since such horses as Arctic Star, Eagle's Pride, Cap-à-Pie, and Brown Jack have been seen in public. I hesitate to go for any of these owing to doubts as to whether they will be absolutely fit on Wednesday. One of the few horses who have come through their public trials with satisfaction is Troubadour. The state of the going seems to make small difference to this game little three-year-old. His performances at Manchester and Newbury suggest that he will have no difficulty in staying the course. I have considerable respect for Tourist, and he is probably a better class three-year-old than Troubadour. At the same time, the latter has displayed staying powers of no uncertain order, whereas we have to take the stamina of Tourist on trust to a large extent.

Faith in Troubadour

I WAS impressed by the excellent display made by Bonny Boy II in the Jockey Club Stakes, but at the moment of writing there seems to be some sort of question as to whether he will actually compete for the Cesarewitch. If he appears in the field I shall not allow him to run loose, but my selection is **Troubadour.** I take Tourist and Brown Jack as likely to be in the fighting line at the finish. On Thursday the Middle Park Stakes looks like being as attractive as ever. It is possible that Arabella may not be called upon for another effort so soon after her race at Kempton Park, but even if she is not in the field the race will be well worth seeing. Reedsmouth will probably be favourite, but there is not a great deal to choose between him and The Black Abbot on their Doncaster form. Reflector is certain to be well backed on the strength of the superiority to Mr. Jinks which he recently displayed. Costaki Pasha is another who will have to be reckoned with. I shall place my faith in **Reedsmouth,** who seemed unlucky not to have beaten Arabella in their race on the Town Moor.

THE question of the Hour—CESARE—WHICH?

EAGLE'S PRIDE

TOURIST

Photographs *W. A. Rouch*

CARICATURES BY "THE TOUT"

THE Cesarewitch problem is once again exercising the minds of the layer, both great and small, for to find the winner of this race is a big step towards pulling off the big autumn double with the Cambridgeshire. Above are seen some of the favoured horses together with a goodly gathering of owners and jockeys

MME. VAGLIANO DRIVING FROM THE 8TH AT RANELAGH

The Autumn Foursomes

Winners and Runners-up in the Ladies' Meetings at Ranelagh and Roehampton

Photographs *Sport and General*

MISS P. READ AND MISS M. AYLOTT (South Beds.)
Winners of the Overflow Foursomes

MRS. ROWBOTHAM (Walmer and Kingsdown) and MISS LETT (Sandy Lodge)
Runners-up at Roehampton

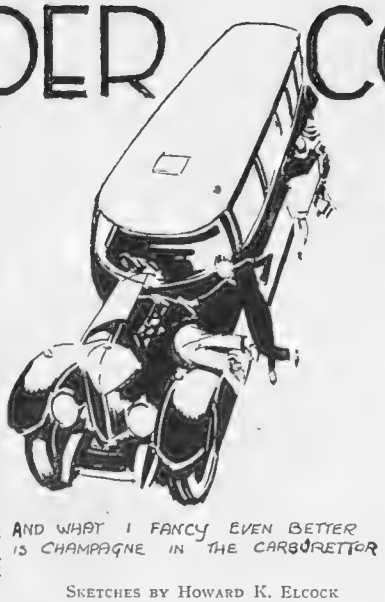
MISS R. LEETHAM (Ganton) and LADY ALNESS (Walton Heath)
Winners of the Autumn Foursomes

THE entries for these Annual Ladies' Foursomes, organised by "Eve," have now reached such a size that this year there were 128 couples in the Foursomes at Ranelagh and a similar number in the Overflow Foursomes at Roehampton, in addition to a waiting list of 30 couples. At the Ranelagh meeting, even when the remaining couples had been reduced to four, it was useless to try to predict who would be the ultimate winners, as such excellent golf had been played by all the competitors. The final result, in which Lady Alness and Miss Leetham beat Mrs. Crosthwaite and Mrs. Cooper at the 20th, was received with intense interest.

At Roehampton, the later stages of play took place in gusty weather, and experience was appreciated at its full value. Several of the matches provided plenty of excitement—there was nearly a hole in one in one of them—and, as at Ranelagh, play was close. The final result was the victory of Miss Read and Miss Aylott with Mrs. Rowbotham and Miss Lett as runners-up.

MRS. CROSTHWAITE AND MRS. R. L. COOPER (Banstead Downs)
Runners-up at Ranelagh

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

My Beautiful, My Beautiful . . .

When I was very young I remember an uncle who, in a rolling baritone and his more expansive moments, used to deliver himself of a sad, sad song about his Arab steed. My Uncle Edward's Arab steed (if I remember rightly) had a proudly arched and glossy neck and a dark and quivering eye. Now if people felt such rich (and baritone) emotions about a mere quadruped, what must be their sentiments on seeing the cars at Olympia? Those glittering bodies, those arrogant bonnets, those proudly arched and glossy spare wheels . . . What sentiments, indeed! The imagination falters . . .

The Age of the Gadget

What sentiments, I say, and . . . what gadgets!

The gadgets on my latest car
Most wonderful and fearful are . . .
A dipping beam to light my path,
A billiard-table and a bath;
A trouser-press inside the bonnet
(I have my bed-and-breakfast on it);
And what I fancy even better—
Champagne inside the carburetter . . .

Do I appear to exaggerate? Well, sir, go to Olympia this year, next year, and in 1930.

A Great Profession

I am told by a Parisian friend that the undertakers of that city are issuing a bright, chatty little journal of their own. The English undertaker is an unobtrusive person, striving to suggest the combined demeanour of an elderly butler and a retiring (but very noble) nobleman. It appears that they order these things better in France. And they certainly do in America. There they call an undertaker a mortician. It sounds better, does it not? The mortician is quite a jolly Babbity fellow. He has his conventions where he talks, with a breezy briskness, about the ideals of his profession. He has his sales-talk and his advertising literature. In fact, he is an irresistible sort of fellow . . . There is a delightful account of him in "The Man Who Knew Coolidge," and another in Aldous Huxley's "Jesting Pilate." One day I shall write a learned work on "Undertakers in Fiction." But not at the moment.

If You Want the Sergeant-Major . . .

The Army, from what I can gather, is taking on a newer, gentler tone. Things are not what they were. Even sergeant-majors are not what they were. This seems incredible, but I am assured that it is true, though how an Empire that spans the world can be guarded without adequate sergeant-majors I do not know. Recruits, I learn, are to be treated with kindness and consideration. N.C.O.s will rush to greet them with a cup of tea and a winning smile, and a sergeant-major, I am told, will be uniformly polite. To own a prolific, versatile choice of expletives is going to be actually a handicap to a self-respecting sergeant-major.

The Bland Parade

It seems, then, as though we may expect incidents like the following in the near future:—

Scene: *A company parade ground. The C.S.M. is looking over the men preparatory to the arrival of the officers.*

C.S.M. (to Private Sloven): "Pardon me for bothering, but your buttons appear to lack their requisite lustre."

Private S.: "Well, I've blinkin' well cleaned the perishers!"

C.S.M.: "Forgive me for stressing the subject, but it seems that you have hardly employed enough spit and polish."

Private S. (*sharply*): "Where's your manners?"

C.S.M. (*blushing furiously*): "I *beg* your pardon. Saliva and polish."

Private S.: "I was only transferred to B Company yesterday."

C.S.M.: "Forgive my stupidity, but I can't quite follow your reasoning."

Private S.: "Why, wot the 'ell do you mean by talking to a gent to whom you ain't been introduced?"

C.S.M.: "Not introduced! How too terrible!" (*Bursts into tears and is led away by a sympathetic corporal.*)

Bring Me My Breakfast

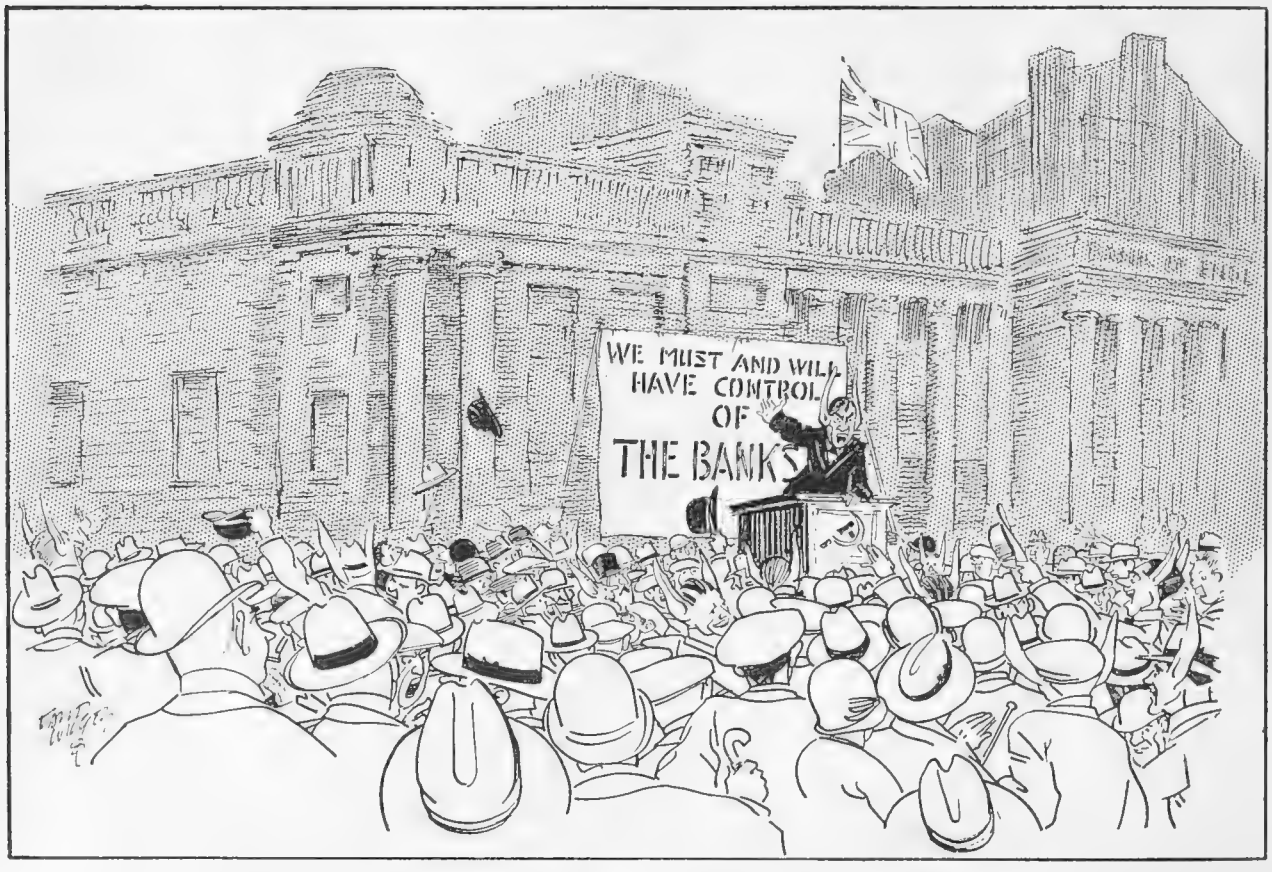
WHY are we the greatest nation in the world? One theory (and it is as good as any other) is that we are the proud eaters of the honest British breakfast. Imagine the stern character, craggy and indomitable, of the porridge-eater. Combine that (imperially) with the strong soul, so solid and English and trustworthy, of the man who breakfasts on eggs and bacon. The character that comes from such breakfasts must be irresistible. What chance have less favoured nations against us? How can we look, except in pity, upon the little peoples who breakfast on coffee and rolls! The heathen in his blindness . . . Poor, poor foreigners! (Pass the marmalade and don't talk so much!)

The Other Side

THERE is always another side to any question, even the breakfast question. Normally, within reason, I will be of the bulldog breed. I will demand—always within reason—my porridge and bacon with menaces and loud cries. But there are exceptions. When one is in Rome, whilst one need not do all that the Romans do, there are certain Roman customs which need not be actively despised. For example, I have lately spent a short sojourn at that delectable paradise of the Côte d'Azur, Juan-les-Pins. (I do not know who Juan was, but I have seen his *pins*, and I rejoice; also his sunshine and his blue sea and his golden air.) What, *mes amis*, shall we say of breakfasts now?

That First Breakfast

WHO but a supreme artist shall paint the delights of that first breakfast as the Blue Train glides swiftly, with smooth, arrow-like precision, upon its southward journey? You wake with golden sunlight streaming into your window at Avignon. Rising from your comfortable *wagon-lit* berth, you shave and dress in unhurried luxury, and stroll along the corridor towards the dining-car. An aroma of hot coffee caresses your senses. Hot coffee, crisp rolls, and honey . . . (You may have your eggs and bacon if you wish, but eggs and coffee, in my humble submission, would be wrong.) Coffee, rolls, and honey would be balm even to the wounded soul of the most delicate poet. They have that essential rightness which is true perfection. I have spoken. *Passez le miel, s'il vous plaît.*



By David Wilson

YE BANKS—AND "BRAYS"!

Sport and General

IN SUFFOLK

A photograph taken at the shoot given by the Duke of Grafton at Euston Hall, near Thetford. The group comprises Lord O'Hagan (left), Earl Cadogan, Colonel Douglas-Pennant, Lady O'Hagan, the Countess of Albemarle, the Duchess of Grafton, the Duke of Grafton, Lady Ipswich, the Earl of Albemarle, Lady Nina Balfour, Capt. C. FitzRoy, Mr. Wilson, and Lord Fisher

A. A. Owen

IN PERTHSHIRE

A group seen at the shoot given by Sir Kay Muir at Kilbryde. The group shows Miss Moira Ponsonby, Major C. H. Seymour and Princess Euxodia of Bulgaria

The Camera's Bag from Three Shoots

Now that October is well and truly with us the sound of the guns is to be heard once again in the countryside and on the moors. Above are seen some of the many well-known people who have been following the fortunes of the shoot in England and Scotland

A. A. Owen

UP IN SCOTLAND

Princess Caraman-Chimay with Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton. They were members of the shoot given by Sir Kay Muir at Kilbryde, in Perthshire

VARSITY NOTES

OXFORD

OXFORD is just seething with enthusiasm at present. Lectures have started (so we've heard) and numerous people are attending them—even at the risk of missing the morning coffee. The football grounds resound with the cries of the "muddied oafs." The Isis is being churned up daily by the oars of freshers who have been inveigled by their college captain of boats into becoming Sons of Neptune.

To row or not to row is certainly the question for the fresher. Is the life on the ocean wave (on "fixed seats") worth the breakfasts off the mantelpiece? is the shortest way of presenting the problem.

I hear that the O.U.D.S. are contemplating "Othello" for their principal show of the year. Thus Oxford returns to the so-called Shakespeare tradition. I wonder who will be the dusky Moor, and if the versatile Mr. Stanhope Foster will be able to execute any of his famous dances.

There is another theatrical matter to tell you about. The Oxford Playhouse is going to be reorganised generally; so Mr. J. B. Fagan's company will mime to us amidst the most luxurious surroundings in the future, and we shall actually be able to spend a really *warm* evening there. Their programme is not so creepy this year either, though the "Spook Sonata," by Strindberg, should send a few shivers down the spine.

I expect a few of the said shivers will start down the spines of the Tabs soon if all the Rugger stars we've been hearing so much of turn out to be the goods. It is Africa, not America, this year from whence cometh our help, and rumours of the prowess of a half-back from Grahamstown and two forwards from the veldt fly fast.

Talking of Rugger naturally leads to talking of E. Graham Taylor, in Oxford. Graham, whose sterling features you here see, hails from North of the Tweed, where he was bred on kilts and oatmeal. After eating a lot more porridge for some years at his prep. school he went to Loretto, where he was a prominent member of the Rugger XV and the photographic society. He came to Oxford, where he was promptly made a member of all sorts of Rugger sides, amongst them the Oxford XV. Having since played for Scotland he joined the Trinity College Claret Club, which beverage he now prefers to porridge. He has now been awarded a degree in history, and one wonders if the world holds anything further for him except the formation of another Oxford-Scottish line.

As for the rest of the news from this ancient burgh, how that bar was "progged" the other night, and how your humble correspondent had just previously felt thirsty, is it not written in the proctorial archives of inflicted fines?

Your sadder but still thirsty

CHARLES.

G. B. COGHLAN

The Cambridge forward. He will probably lead the Light Blues' pack this year

SKETCHES BY MAC

E. G. TAYLOR

The Oxford skipper, who is a dashing wing three quarter. He is a Scottish International

CAMBRIDGE

THE rush is over now. The college porters have received me *à bras ouverts*, my tutor has seen and approved of me, my supervisor has seen and found me wanting. The familiar cry of "wotcher" has left me deaf. The two pictures of paddling cows entitled "Dawn" and "Sunset" have been removed from the walls of my humble rooms. There is little distinction between the two. Possibly the cows in "Dawn" are facing a different way, but the angle of difference is not more than 10°, and possibly the cows in "Sunset" stand in water that is three or four inches deeper. That is all. But now, together with the antimacassars, they lie out of sight, and only an odd leaf or two of the aspidistras can be seen protruding from behind the couch. Instead a few colour prints adorn the walls. I have placed my pipe rack and feet upon the mantelpiece. I have settled down again. Once more, as the hours of nine, ten, eleven and twelve are clashed and hammered from a hundred towers, I leap upon my bicycle, and, with gown streaming in the wind, fly down K.P. to attend the first lectures. Once more within the bare sanctuary of my room I dare to grapple with the future.

But one can forecast many things which will happen within the next few weeks without a great deal of mental foresight. No one will contradict me when I say that much beer will be drunk in Cambridge on every possible opportunity; that freshers will twist their caps into weird shapes in order to create the impression that they have been there years; that, on November 5, a few undergrads may light a few innocuous fireworks in the Market Square, and, should such an occasion arise, that progs and bullers will be given a run for their money. These things occur annually, and will continue to do so. It is only when we come down to red tape and brass tacks that we have to stop and consider whether such and such is likely to happen. Will Peeps pass his qualifying examination? Will Leeps get his blue? Here is food for contemplation. One cannot be perfectly sure about either Peeps and Leeps, but one can be sure that, whether either event turns out successfully or not, Cambridge should have a very strong Rugby team this year. C. D. Aarvold, the captain (who, by the way, has a chance of obtaining a blue for hurdling), will have ten old blues in residence. Among others seeking one of the coveted places are J. D. Bartlett, the Welsh international; A. E. Carris, the Middlesex cricketer, and J. P. Whitham, who broke a leg when within sight of a blue two seasons ago. The latter will probably be putting the weight again this year.

Yesterday (October 16) the Cambridge Union Society held its first debate for the term.

BERNIL.

A Doll Up

Fred Daniels

Miss Gilda Gray, the film star and dancer, puts the finishing touches to a Lilliputian visitor's toilet. She will appear in "Piccadilly," the British super-film now being made at Elstree, and is introducing into it a new dance which she calls the Piccadilly Shiver. Whether this dance will become universally popular, however, time—and the teachers of ballroom dancing—alone can show

A RUGGER REVERIE

THE BEST CLUB SIDE?

By PENDARVES

Nobody used to care very much which was the best club side so long as they could see some decent Rugger somewhere on a Saturday afternoon from the rug-over-knees sanctity of the Stand: or so long as they could play some indecent Rugger without being spotted and warned by a vigilant referee. ["*Damn* you, sir, I put the ball down about a quarter of an hour ago!"] But things are different now. The great British Public, having woken up to the possibilities of the Rugby game from a spectator's point of view, are pushing their way through turnstiles in ever-increasing numbers weekly: and it is they, not the players, who are beginning to voice views as to which is going to be the "best" club side in England, in London, in Scotland, and Wales. By "best" one presumes they mean the side which has the most points "for" as opposed to "against." But every player will tell you that this doesn't follow at all—and he will produce instantly half a dozen reasons for failure last Saturday, and more than a single excuse, as Kipling so aptly did not put it!

What pleases me most, however, about this "best" club side business is the sight of the old, venerable, die-hard clubs coming into their own again. Richmond, for example: who have been delighting their spectators and followers with a shining example of sturdy, hard Rugger almost continuously since 1863, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. But for the last few seasons one has looked at them and seen merely the ghost of their great past form: one remembered the days of W. C. Wilson and Harry Alexander and the two Stouts. This club has provided sixty "caps" to England's sides in the past—and then it seemed to fade away from greatness. Nobody knew why: least of all its members. Now this season it has come bang into the limelight of doughtiness once again, and people who ought to know are predicting that it will be the best club side in London.

This would seem highly probable, since it has gathered to itself such stalwarts as W. B. J. Sheehan, of Waratah fame. It still has Bryan, the Army wing—surely the most awkward man in the world to tackle with those piston-pounding knees of his? And in the pack D. Turquand-Young; and a most excellent (and *rara avis*) hooker in F. W. R. Douglas. Richmond will shake the other London clubs to their fundamentals this year: and a jolly good thing, too. Then perhaps they will build a Press stand wherefrom we can at least see them doing it: at present we can't: and they are probably delighted to hear *that*.

The Scottish and the Harlequins have opened their season "shakily"—whatever that may mean. They do not seem to be the sides they were. Why not? If ever there were two clubs that should continue to be the big noises it is these. In the former case they have all the marooned Scotsmen in London to draw from—all those, that is to say, who are not too busy making money at our expense. In the latter they have still the presiding genius of Adrian Stoop in their coaching and schoolmastering background, plus the inimitable "Wakers" as a prefect, if no longer a player, plus the second best ground in England—Leicester's being the first.

But is it not odd and interesting how the light of famous clubs becomes temporarily dimmed? An exception to this is "The Club" (which means Blackheath—though I never could understand why). They have always been a formidable proposition to any side. This year they're the very devil! They bristle with "caps" (reasonably young caps, too); they have got Arthur Young, Bishop, and Devitt—in fact, their three-quarter line, indeed the whole of their back division, consists of the hottest, and probably the fastest, collection of stars in any one club—except possibly Leicester.

"The Tigers," it seems, are as ferocious as ever. I earnestly solicit the attention of any London reader of mine (who can afford the railway fare!) to journey to Leicester some Saturday morning, keeping out of the Leicester pubs thereafter by returning at six like a good boy, when this club has got a big fixture on. It will be a liberal education for him. Not only as regards the class of footer he will see; but also as an example of ground organisation and means of rapid exit therefrom—Twickenhamites will appreciate this keenly! There is something about a Leicester game that is most exhilarating. I have never seen a dud game there yet.

Far and away the most pleasing thing to my mind about this best club side business is the sight of the far-away clubs coming to do battle in London. Plymouth Albion *versus* Blackheath is a case in point. There has, I think, been rather too much conservatism in club fixtures during the last ten years. We are getting just a little tired of the Richmond-Blackheath-Scottish-Harlequins-Rosslyn Park-O.M.T.s circle.

RUGGER IN INDIA *Sewell*

Four well-known players who are keeping the Rugger flag flying in Bombay. Left: W. E. Proes (Richmond and Poona Gymkhana), R. W. Douglas (Richmond and Bombay Gymkhana), Trevor Robinson (Old Haileyburians and Bombay Gymkhana), and G. H. Critchley (Old Haileyburians and Bombay Gymkhana). The Bombay Cup Tournament was won by Bombay Gymkhana

Some Amateur Soccer Clubs

BY MAC

No. 3—THE LONDON CALEDONIANS

Some of the London representatives of Caledonia stern and wild who do battle on the Soccer field. Although numbering several internationals among their ranks, they recently suffered defeat at the hands—or, rather, feet—of Kingstonians in the first round of the London Charity Cup

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced September 18, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a most agreeable comedy adapted from the German. The scene is laid in Vienna, and the mild impropriety of the story may, of course, be taken without protest, because we all know what these foreigners are! The title is explained by the grandmotherly aphorism: "Choose neither women nor linen by candle light." Or, as the French say, "All cats are grey in the dark"—not, of course, that one would presume to place women and cats in the same class. We have first of all the genial aristocrat, Baron Egon von Felsen, who is on quite excellent terms with his very deferential valet, Bastien. The two are more like old friends than master and servant. A hint is thrown out that their cordial association arises from an episode of the Baron's grandfather with Bastien's grandmother, with its clear suggestion of remote blood relationship—the red with the blue.

THE Baron is a man of affairs—of the heart. His business in life seems entirely limited to the entertainment of the fair and frail for favours received and expected. One evening, however, he has a more important dinner engagement, to wit, with a foreign diplomatist, and he leaves to Bastien the delicate task of ringing up his current lady friend and informing her that the Baron will not be dining at home, so that she can have an evening off. As is usual with the telephone, even in countries other than our own, Bastien is given the wrong number, and he finds himself speaking to a strange lady with a very musical voice and an obviously friendly disposition.

AS Bastien has been left alone in the Baron's flat and has nothing better to do, he rather enjoys exchanging banter with a lady of quality. Although he is only a menial, it has always been his ambition to become on friendly terms with one of her class, and she is not to know that at his end of the 'phone there is only a plausible man in servant's livery. Yes, this is Baron von Felsen's flat. Would she care to stroll round for a passing call? Good. Bastien at once sets about preparing a little light refreshment on a side table, and then

he divests himself of his tell-tale livery and assumes the dinner jacket of convention. After all, you never know, and every optimist is prepared for the best. In London, of course, such a situation would be impossible. But we need not judge the Viennese by our own lofty standard.

THE lady gives her name as Elisabeth. She sails into the flat wearing over her exquisitely fitting frock a beautiful chinchilla coat—the kind of thing that gives the average husband palpitations when his wife starts going through a furrier's catalogue and pauses ominously at the chinchilla page. As a gentleman's gentleman Bastien has naturally acquired a little of the grand manner of his environment, and he at once cherishes the fond hope that he may be able to flatter only to deceive. Elisabeth talks airily of a jealous husband, which makes the adventure (in Vienna) only more piquant; and as by degrees she is persuaded that she is talking to the Baron himself she feels that she may remove her coat in his presence without loss of caste. But she can stay only for ten minutes, in any case.

THE ten minutes become elastic as the result of a mutual attraction, and Elisabeth welcomes the idea of being shown round the beautiful and expensive flat. (After all, Eve was not the only one to have an apple.) And while the two are in the library adjoining the Baron returns unexpectedly, his diplomatic guest having bored him beyond endurance. He notes with amusement the table laid for two, and, peeping into the library, he ascertains privily himself that Bastien is entertaining a dainty lady friend. Like master, like man. Scenting the prospect of an enjoyable little joke, he darts into the vestibule and

assumes his valet's livery, reappearing a moment later as Bastien's very obedient servant to command. Bastien is naturally a good deal shaken up as he returns from the library with the lady, but the Baron orders him to carry on. Judging by the lady's plain admission that Bastien has been trying to kiss her, he would have seemingly anticipated that instruction.

As it happens, the Baron's disguise proves very serviceable to him. He has lately been sending expensive bouquets to the wife of Count von Baltin, with wholly improper motives (they do that sort of thing in Vienna, apparently), and the Count has called to make a fuss about it. He naturally assumes that Bastien is the Baron, and is confident that the Countess is hiding in the flat because he finds her chinchilla coat on a chair. This, however, proves to be, as the magistrate remarked in respect of what the soldier said, not evidence. The lady in the case is produced for the Count's inspection, and he is at once overcome with inordinate laughter. It seems that Elisabeth, who is the Countess's maid—using the term in its stereotyped sense—is clearly having an evening out in borrowed plumes, and the Count goes off, leaving it at that, as a good sportsman does not spoil another sportsman's sport.

BASTIEN is shocked to find that he has not been entertaining a real lady after all; but Elisabeth takes the situation quite philosophically. As she has now been definitely labelled as a menial, she feels naturally drawn to one of her own class, as she imagines the Baron in his livery to be. She sprawls beside him on the settee in the manner of one inviting caresses, and wants to know which is his evening out, and promises that she can take him to a cinema which is the darkest of its kind in the city. The tangle is sorted out in the most natural way imaginable, and we leave the story at a point that suggests that Bastien and Elisabeth are to be married and live happy ever after. Perhaps the Censor thought it would be nicer if the play ended up like that, but I do not think I should have imagined the same conclusion myself. The moving spirit of the entertainment is Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who gives a wonderfully exhilarating performance as the adventurous Elisabeth. Her dainty foreign accent lends additional colour to the little extravagances of behaviour that as a very proper nation we naturally associate only with Continental peoples, and her forceful acting is a delight from first to last. Miss Arnaud is very ably supported by Mr. Ronald Squire as Bastien, and Mr. Leslie Faber as the genial Herr Baron. The story is told with quite unusual skill and rare delicacy, and it is as light and dainty as, you might say, the diaphanous robe of an airy fairy queen.

JINGLE.

HE ONLY SERVES WHO'D LIKE TO DINE IN STATE

Bastien (Ronald Squire), the valet, proffers a cocktail to his cousin and master, the Herr Baron von Felsen (Leslie Faber). Elisabeth, the maid (Yvonne Arnaud), who would awoiing go—provided the wooer was sufficiently blue-blooded—takes more than a passing interest in the proceedings

By HARTLEY CARRICK

WE are told that romance in the suburbs is dead. Good heavens! go to Peckham, and watch the couples comin' thro' the Rye.

. . . . . .

IT is alleged that a Cabinet Minister has refused to be modelled at Madame Tussaud's. Obviously he is in a terrible wax about it.

. . . . . .

TALKING pictures are now an accomplished fact. But do we really want a speaking likeness of some of these film heroes?

. . . . . .

"DEAR," remarked the mother to her daughter, "never trust a man with a large moustache who wants to kiss you."

"That's all right, mother, I've always set my face against it."

. . . . .

ALREADY this season five football referees have been assaulted by irate spectators. The problem of the Ref. and the rough riff-raff is becoming serious.

. . . . .

Two mad gardeners have been discovered:—One who was minding his phlox by night, and the other who was sewing on his "bachelor's buttons."

. . . . .

"WAITER, I want a bottle of dry champagne."

"Yessir, it shall be ready in a minute."

"But I want it in an *extra sec!*"

. . . . .

A FAMOUS elderly dramatic author will shortly present another play. Knowing his work, we are sure he won't give us a Pinerotic drama.

"I CAN'T do anything with my youngest boy; he's too smart by half."

"Why don't you take care that he smarts in the right place?"

. . . . . .

Quoth her sire, "Take my tip; do not
tipple, lass,
The damsel who does is a triple ass;
In short, what I mean is,
Those potent Martinis
Spell gout and acute erysipelas!"

. . . . . .

A certain young lady called "Natalie,"
Drank a pint of some neat sal volatile;
As the liquid was crude
You may safely conclude
That she hasn't been seen about lattily!

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS

There's a fellow called "Brown,"
Who resides in my town,
Who preserves an inscrutable front,
And I can't get a word
From this silent old bird,
Except an occasional grunt.

If a tale I relate,
He just shakes his bald pate,
But as for applause he is dumb,
If I say, "Have a drink?"
All I get is a wink,
Though the "bubbly" is "Mumm," he is mum!

When his wife starts to spout,
He will sit, and say nowt,
Disregarding the chatterbox minx,
If his pard trumps his ace,
He but makes a grimace,
Emulating the rôle of the Sphinx.

But there's one moment when
This most silent of men
Departs from his taciturn path,
With a fine flow of patter,
His teeth start to chatter,
Whenever he takes a cold bath!

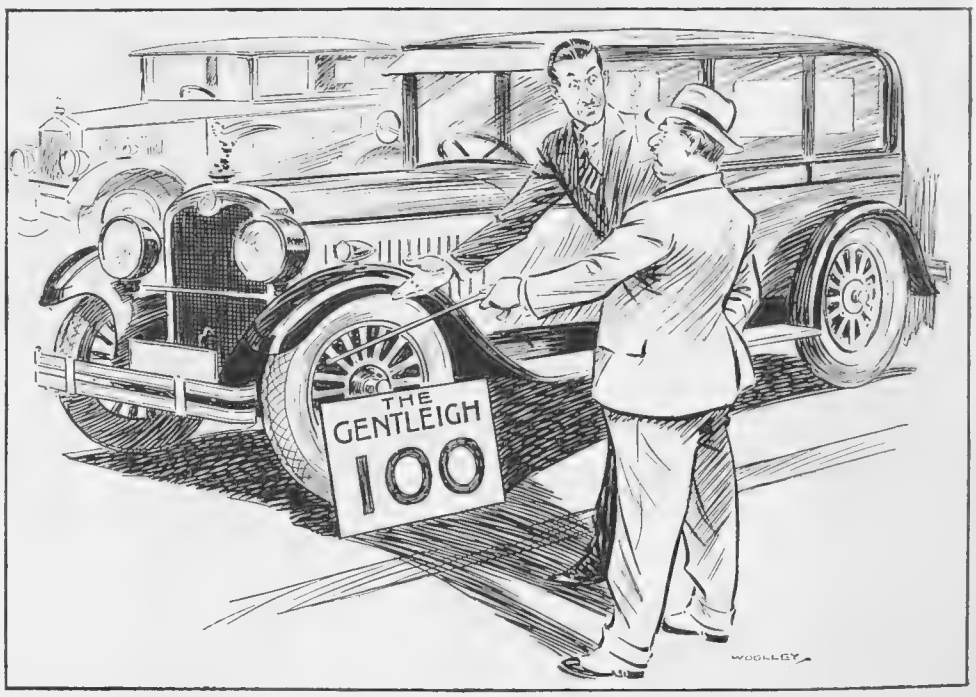
. . . . . .

"MY method of gambling is absolutely infallible."

"Well, if I were you, I should get the trouble out of your system."

. . . . . .

IT is said that Dante suffered from indigestion. Probably he suffered from a little Inferno trouble.

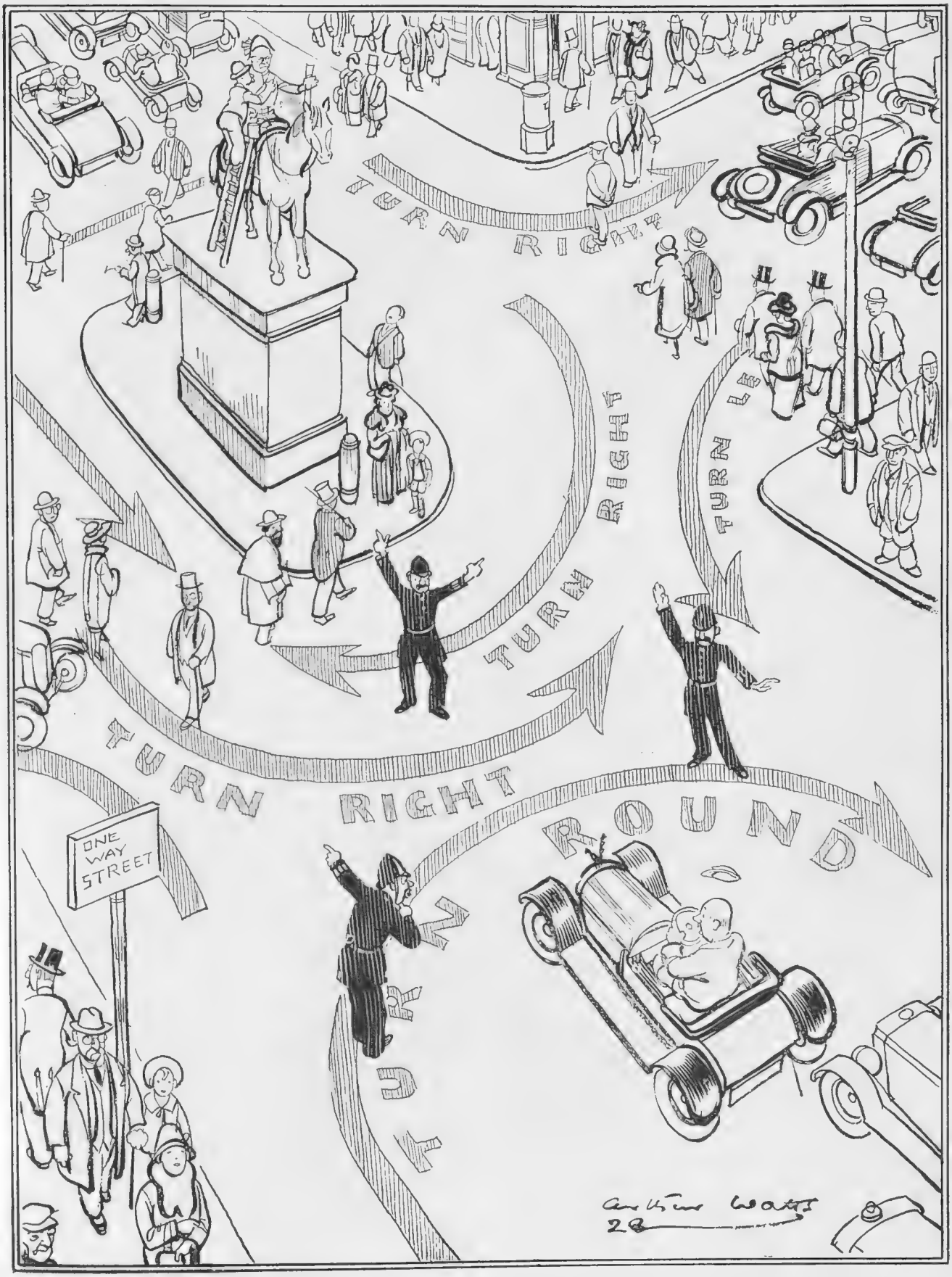


By HARRY WOOLLEY

A DEAL IN "HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS"

WOULD-BE PURCHASER: "You can book me one of these at £100"
SALESMAN: "That's horse-power, not pounds"

"Wheels Within Wheels"


TURN RIGHT
TURN RIGHT
TURN RIGHT

In High Feather

NITZA VERNILLE

The attractive and well-known American dancer, photographed in a graceful pose of feathers and furbelows. She is playing the part of Leonie in J. L. Sacks's production of "The Lilac Domino," which is due to appear in London this month

OVERLAND TO EGYPT

NOTES FROM A SIX DAYS' DIARY

By GEOFFREY PINNOCK

AT ALEPPO

Passengers alight from the train during a halt

VICTORIA STATION is the greatest thrill in Britain—the gateway to everything, the drop-curtain to an amazing stage-set.

People start from Victoria carrying *The Times* and an umbrella to end up in a Malayan jungle carrying a *mâchete* and a big-game rifle. Strange, sinister figures, the lay models of the " thriller " writer, leave Moscow, Bucharest or Trebizond to be met at Victoria by comrade Smith (*née* Simonovitch) of Clerkenwell—unless the police or passport officials first " collect " them at Dover.

IN JUGOSLAVIA

Croat peasant women at a way-side station

A FAMOUS MOSQUE IN STAMBOUL

An unusual photograph of the renowned Mosque of San Sophia seen through the archway of the courtyard of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed

Calais—Cairo; *by train*. The most important event in European railway history since the opening of the trans-Siberian route. That is the journey upon which I shall set out in five minutes. I ought to pulse and thrill. I do—and yet I don't. At Victoria one takes everything for granted.

My morning paper lies on a little table in front of me. The umbrella, strapped to a suitcase, is in the *foyer* of the Pullman. I ought to end up with a camel and a sun-helmet in a sheikh-infested desert.

During the next week an astounding geographical pageant will pass across the window of my *coupé* in the *wagon-lit*.

Quiet, green Kent . . . the Alps . . . Maggiore, Verona, Padua, Venice . . . Trieste with its lights festooned round the curve of the slowly lapping Adriatic . . . the plains and forests of Jugoslavia . . . the spires of Belgrade and the golden domes of Sofia . . . the dim-blue Balkans . . . that sudden surprising plunge into Islam when the mosques of Adrianople come into view . . . Constantinople; the Golden Horn and the glittering Bosphorus . . . Asia Minor—a secret region of green valley and bleak, wind-lashed steppe, where the camp fires of nomad tribal families, half-bandit, half-herdsmen, glint at night . . . the terrific passage of the Taurus, with the train running along rock-hewn galleries above a 2,000-foot precipice . . . Syria, yellow desert and green olive groves . . . Palestine. . . .

And the end? Cool amber beer on the Terrace at Shepheard's. . . . They tell me the new Groppi's is marvellous. . . . I wonder what's on at the Cairo Opera House now. . . .

. . . . . .

The European section of the Calais-Cairo route is maintained by the Simplon-Orient Express, which on its two thousand miles journey to Constantinople roars across eight frontiers.

To every right-minded traveller the crossing of a frontier is an adventure, even amid the comfort and security of a *train de luxe*. A new country! Guards in different uniforms; one can almost sense the altered pulse-beat of another race; new sounds, smells, speech, scenery and sustenance.

At Postumia, the last Italian station, customs officials lock and seal the *Cave Italienne* in the back regions of the restaurant-car, and open the *Cave Yougoslave*. The Fiuggi and Chianti which you have been drinking at meal times since the train left Domodossola, thirteen hours ago, give place to strange wines with stranger, explosive names. *Blatina, Muskatni Silvanec, Lijntomerski rizling* . . . wines of Jugoslavia . . . of Ruritania, Cadonia, Kravonia, and all the lively mythi-

cal kingdoms of musical comedy and Sir Anthony Hope. But every good Jugoslav toasts his friends in crystal-white *Sljivovitza,* plum-brandy with a touch of dynamite in its kick. Over a glass of *Sljivovitza* Serb, Croat, Slovene, Macedonian, Bulgar, Albanian—all the racial maëlstrom of the Balkans—merge and forget their differences—or suddenly and with violence remember them, and give Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay a brief period of alarm.

Nevertheless on the Jugoslav route of the Simplon-Orient *Sljivovitza* is a very favourite drink with the suavest of diplomats, with the most romantically secretive of King's Messengers.

Twenty minutes over the Bosphorus in a ferry steamer brings one to Haidar Pacha, Constantinople's Asiatic railway terminus. From there the line of *wagons-lits* draws out upon the second stage—through Anatolia, over the mighty Taurus, and down through the Syrian plains to Aleppo.

This section is perhaps the most interesting of the whole route, for until the opening of the line to Cairo Asia Minor remained a hidden, unknown region to the pleasure traveller.

From Haidar Pacha to Ismid the line runs a few feet above the shores of the Sea of Marmora. Here are stretches of beach, facing dead south, between protecting hills behind and water more vivid than anything the Mediterranean can show, which if developed by an enterprising company would, it seems to me, without any doubt, form the finest *plages* in the Eastern hemisphere.

After Ismid, where the famous *Goeben* of the War lies in dry-dock, the route turns inland. For some hours the line winds through fertile valley country between wooded slopes of oak and ash. But slowly, like the approach of some relentless fate, the steppe and the Taurus draw near.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW
A scene in Damascus. An old mosque in the Kurdish quarter

From my diary: "We have left vegetation behind. We are passing through a vast yellow steppe of sandy, stony soil, utterly treeless. Here and there are thin patches of grass. It is a sort of pan in the plateau. All round are ranged like jailers the barren rock-studded heights. The life of the region is pastoral—combined with a certain amount of brigandage. Sheep, horses, cattle—black dots on the bare steppe—are minded by wild-looking men in long cloaks and black astrakhan *kalpaks.* The villages are of loose stone collected from the mountain sides, held together with sandy plaster. The houses are huddled close as though they sought warmth from each other amid this immense yellow-brown desolation."

. . . .

Aleppo is a sort of racial Clapham Junction. There all Araby converges to mingle with Turk, Kurd, Armenian, Circassian, Jew, and Greek. Its citadel, once garrisoned by the Saracens of Saladin and now by a regiment of French Senegalese, dominates the straggling expanse of white, flat-roofed houses. Its bazaars are possibly the finest in the Middle East, undiscovered yet by big store buyers from London or New York.

From Aleppo to Tripoli, girt with orange groves and nestling between snow-flecked Lebanon and the sea, the line runs over the desert. At Tripoli the motor section to Haifa, *via* Beyrout and Acre, begins. And very delightful it is to hum along in open cars after four days of train travel. From Acre to Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, the shore sands of the great bay form the roadway. The cars race along within the sun-lit spray of the sea. And so yet another stage in this great journey is made with speed and in complete comfort.

From Haifa railway again, through Ramleh, through Lydda of the Crusades, where St. George of England sleeps, through Gaza, where wrack of the War still litters the desert, to Kantara. The Suez Canal is crossed by ferry to the train waiting to complete the final stretch to Cairo.

. . . . .

Egypt and all that it stands for within a week's railway journey of London. . . .

The great kites hover above the roofs of Cairo. The palm fronds in the Esbekeieh Gardens are limp in the midday lull. Talk on the Terrace is of dances, Nile trips, the latest finds in the Valley of the Kings; of a bargain bought in the Mouski; of the newest cocktail invention in the bar of the Savoy-Continental.

A week ago I was in London. What a pageant of memories intervenes!

G. P.

A WORLD-KNOWN HOTEL
A photograph of the exterior of the famous Shepheard's Hotel, the centre of social life in Cairo

BY HOWARD K. HOCK

THE SHADOW OF THE PHARAOHS

An unusual aspect of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, made by our artist from three-quarters of the way to the summit, showing the shadow thrown by the enormous mass of masonry. The going is by no means easy on this climb, owing to the height of the blocks of stone, and the ladies of the party need all the assistance proffered by the noisy Egyptian guides. The custom of driving a golf ball from the summit is a popular one, and claims the Prince of Wales among its followers

BUY-BUY TIME AFT

So vast is the choice, and so alluring the appeal, and so insistent the claims of the different types of cars—to say nothing of carburetters, sparki
nightmare which may fall to the lot of the really conscientious visi

BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

AFTER THE SHOW

sparking plugs, and so on—that one leaves the Motor Show at Olympia with one's brain awhirl. Our artist visualises above the sort of us visitor who has listened to every claim and visited every stand

Women also prefer them
Westminster
Cigarettes

"The girl herself came along to the café presently; needless to say, she was pretty"

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BACCHUS

No. II—GREEN CHARTREUSE

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustration by F. W. PURVIS

I DO not know why, but on the few occasions when I happen to dine in an expensive restaurant and see folk drinking Benedictine or Green Chartreuse the thought that these choice liqueurs were originally made by monks in the splendid isolation of their monasteries has always fascinated me. Come to think of it, there is something bizarre in the sight of an unruly-looking woman drinking an exotic liqueur brewed for her by a rigidly ascetic monk.

Many times I have said to myself that if ever I got the chance to visit one of these monasteries I would take it, and this autumn the chance came. It happened this way: I was sitting outside a *café* in Grenoble, where I had spent the night to break a railway journey, when a very nice car stopped opposite and out got Derek Blair. Derek was motoring through to Aix-les-Bains and asked me if I would like to come with him; we could, he said, stop and see the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse on the way. I could get a train on from Aix as easily as from Grenoble.

Up till that moment I had had no notion that the monastery of the Chartreuse Fathers was anywhere in the neighbourhood. Of course, I jumped at the idea.

"I have promised to give a girl a lift," said Derek.

He spoke in such a pointedly off-hand manner that it would have been cruel to question him. I merely wondered what the girl was like and where he had met her. My curiosity on both points was satisfied before long.

He had met the girl in the hall of the hotel, where he had found her in an agitated state, holding a telegram in her hand, asking the porter how she could get at once to Aix. The telegram, he heard her tell the porter, was from her father, who was at Aix under doctor's orders, and wanted to see her immediately. He had offered her a lift, and that was that.

The girl herself came along to the *café* presently; needless to say, she was pretty—dark eyes, dark hair, and a humorous mouth. She was also amazingly frank.

"No, my father is not ill at all," she said in answer to my concerned inquiry, "but I saw your friend's car arrive and in the hotel register that he was going through to Aix, and so—well, you know what happened." All of which was said openly in front of Derek. A hand laid lightly on Derek's arm, a shade of tenderness in the dark brown eyes, a soft "You are not angry with me?" Really, the girl was charming, and Derek a very lucky fellow.

During the journey to Chartreuse I sat in front and left them to it in the back. We had lunch at St. Pierre Chartreuse, an enchanting little village a few kilometres from the monastery. During the drive the beauty of the scenery of Savoy had occupied me, but at lunch the conduct of my two companions obtruded. By this time we—or rather Derek—had discovered the girl was Viennese; she spoke English perfectly, and it had been hard to determine what she was at first. Further, it was fairly evident that she was—shall we

Copyright, 1928, by Arthur Mills.

say—modern. I don't wish to labour the point, but I had little doubt as to the final outcome of the expedition.

Luncheon over, we went on to see the monastery. A guide took us round, but even his parrot phrases could not dim the mysterious wonder of the place. One just lived the life of those white-robed monks, walked with them down their long, cool corridors to Office, Matins, Vespers; pictured them praying in solitude in their cells in the small hours of the night, as they were specially enjoined to do, for at these hours the world without might be supposed specially to be given up to sin. Their life, in winter surrounded by the snow, in summer by the pine-girt mountains, must have been one of the most rigid seclusion and asceticism. It was almost a relief to think of them at their Sunday luncheons, when they were allowed to relax a little and sit together at the long refectory tables, while one of their number read to them from a holy book, and afterwards they were permitted a little general conversation, provided they spoke in Latin.

Such was the life of those holy white-robed fathers who prayed for souls in the small hours and brewed for *mondaine* delectation green and yellow Chartreuse.

I was still thinking of them when, after our visit to the monastery, we sat outside what was once the hostelry of the fathers and sampled their famous beverage. The pale, exotic green liqueur was brought in long-stemmed glasses, and we all agreed had a flavour the gods themselves need not despise. The setting was almost perfect. Behind rose the stark outline of the mountain they call La Grande Chartreuse; below, the grey-slated, white-walled convent; all round, deepening a bluish-green as the sun passed over, were fir trees.

Right in the foreground of this picture, so to speak, were Derek and this Viennese girl. They did not seem to fit in somehow. I don't know if I make my meaning clear, but there was Derek, obviously infatuated with his new discovery, whom he could not possibly marry because he had one perfectly good wife already; and there was the Viennese girl, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with wilful, humorous mouth, who did not look as if she cared whether he married her or not. There they were, the pair of them, sitting outside the monastery of the Chartreuse Fathers, home of an Order founded nearly a thousand years ago, which for them was just a "sight." They were going on to Aix-les-Bains, where they intended to enjoy themselves thoroughly, and that was all there was to it.

A queer fancy suddenly possessed me. What if those gates could open and one of those old fathers appear? I could imagine him walking towards us in his white robe, see that thin, ascetic face turned towards the pair, almost hear him ask: "What do you here, my children?" The fancy grew stranger still. I don't know how to explain it, but it seemed to me in those moments that an inhibition was being laid upon the two.

Derek broke the spell. "If we want to reach Aix by dinner-time we must be getting on," he said.

Marise—that was the Viennese girl's name—started. She had been sitting very quiet, her dark eyes fixed on the monastery. "Yes, we must," she agreed.

We reached Aix at 7 o'clock. Marise asked to be dropped by the public gardens; she said she would take a taxi to the hotel where her father was staying. In answer to Derek's question if they could meet again that evening, she said she could not promise; if it was possible she would come to Philip's *café* in front of the Casino at about nine.

I kept Derek company through an agitating time up till ten o'clock. He was one of those incurably romantic people who fell in love with the utmost ease. When it was evident nothing more could be done about it that evening he went to bed. I thought I would look in at the Casino, and there, in the Baccará room, I saw Marise.

She was with an old, old man, so old that Time could make no further marks upon his face. They were sitting at the baccara table side by side. He was fingering a pile of counters with thin, gnarled fingers; black mittens showed beneath his cuffs. A suspicion crossed my mind; next moment the suspicion became a certainty as, in reply to a whisper from Marise, the old man shovelled a handful of counters towards her. No, whatever else he was, that old man was not Marise's father.

I was going to turn away, for the sight, though not uncommon at spas frequented by the elderly and aged, was depressing. Then Marise saw me; she spoke quickly to the old man, who looked at me out of his watery eyes and nodded. Marise got up and came round to where I stood.

"Take me out to get a drink," she said.

We settled ourselves in a corner of the Casino bar.

"I want you to tell your friend not to think about me any more," were her first words. Then she told me the rest of her story, speaking as women will speak to a man they feel is able to understand them a little bit.

She had had a hard time. The old man was her husband. She had married him when all Austria and Germany were in chaos and her family had not literally the price of bread. He had been very good to her and she had behaved well by him; it would have seemed to her mean to do otherwise. Then at Grenoble, through which she was passing on her way to join him, she had seen Derek. He had been too much for her—an attractive fellow, Master Derek Blair—she had taken off her wedding ring, told the story about a father, and I knew the rest.

But at that monastery she had felt a change come over her. What had once seemed important had become petty in her eyes. And how glad she was of that now, for that evening the doctor had told her her husband could not live much longer. Perhaps one day she and Derek might meet again; I was to tell him so; but not at Aix. Would he—there was entreaty in her voice—*please* go away next day.

I looked up to see the waiter standing by.

"What would you like?" I asked Marise.

She considered: "An orangeade," she said; "no, not that, bring me Green Chartreuse." She turned to me, a twinkle in her eyes. "We will drink the health of St. Bruno; it was he, was it not, who founded the Order of the Chartreuse Fathers?"

So we did, though I don't suppose Derek would have enjoyed the toast. A. M.

CORSETS, we are told, will once more be fashionable. What a boon for our waist paper merchants.

. . . . . .

A HARLEY STREET doctor states that undoubtedly water is the best drink. We cordially agree, always provided that it is taken in the right spirit.

Legal Aspects by H. M. Bateman

No. 3. PRISONER AT THE BAR

Field Trials in the North

Photographs

MRS. A. WORMALD, LORD MIDDLETON AND MRS. HASELDEN KING

MISS PEGGY DOUGLAS AND LADY MIDDLETON

Above and right are seen some of those who were present at the Labrador Retriever Club's Annual Field Trials, which were held recently at Birdsall, near Malton, in Yorkshire. Below are two photographs from the North Western Counties Field Trial Association Retriever Trials at Mythop, near Lytham

Central News

MR. WORMALD AND LADY HOWE

British Illus.

MR. R. E. BIRCH, MRS. FLETCHER, MRS. ECCLES AND LADY HOLLINS

Central News

THE HON. MRS. GRIGG AND MISS GRIGG

A SCENE AT THE MEET ON THE LAWN OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Out with the Beagles at Aldershot

The opening meet of the Aldershot Command Foot Beagles attracted a big field. Above are seen some of those who were present at Government House on this occasion

MISS DAVIS, MISS ROY, MISS CAMPBELL, MRS. LATIMER AND MISS KAY

Photographs

BRIG.-GENERAL BERNARD DRAKE, C.B., AND MRS. DRAKE

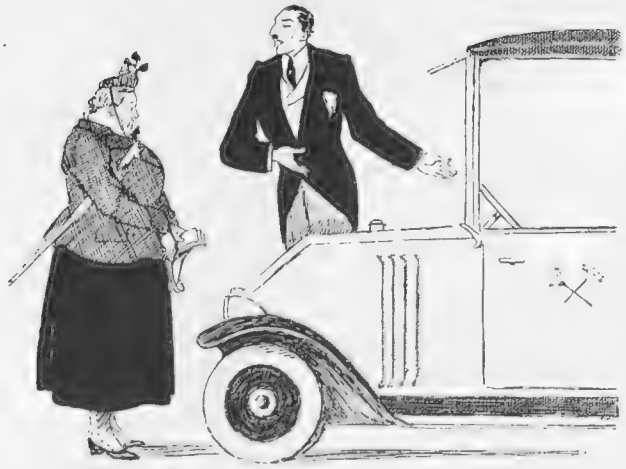
Alfieri

MR. E. CRANSTON WITH MAJOR GLOVER AND MR. W. J. FENNELL

On the Isle of Arran

Lafayette

The Duke and Duchess of Montrose photographed with their family at Brodick Castle, the Duke's seat in the Isle of Arran. In the back row are Lady Mary Graham, the Duchess of Montrose and the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, and, in front, Lord Ronald Graham, the Marquess of Graham, Lady Jean Graham, and the Duke of Montrose



"The *concierge* will be able to get one"

PARISIANA

By RENÉ

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

WITH the Motor Salon we plunge into the autumn "season." There is a suddenness about the seasons this year which is far from being pleasant. Summer leaped upon us all in a day when we had begun to abandon hope, catching us totally unprepared to perspire, and now winter, although they call it autumn, has clutched at us in a single night. Even if it were not for the biting blasts, we should know that winter was at hand when the Salon de l'Automobile called us to the Grand Palais, for it is a funny little way the motor car manufacturers have of trying to tempt us with new models just when the comforts of week-ends at home offer the most appeal. Why shouldn't they choose February or March?

ANYHOW, they are engaged in their beguilements at present, and the chief of them seems to be "more cylinders." The most importunate among them are urging us to have eight, "Have an Eight and pull your weight," but the more canny ones are concentrating on Sixes. The best-known motor car maker in France is adding to the Lemon Squash (if that is not clear the key to the puzzle lies in the fact that the Citroën is known familiarly and friendly-like as a *Citron pressé*) with a Six that can be purchased for about £225. Who is there who won't be able to buy a Six at that price. Probably the *concierge* will be able to get one. The butcher, the baker and the plumber already have their Fours, and the *concierge* would love to go one better.

PERSONALLY, it inclines me to the idea of abandoning motoring and seeking security of limb in the train. For these bargain-price Sixes are guaranteed to do 110 kilometres, or seventy miles, an hour, and as there is no speed limit in France everybody'll be doing it. That notorious narrow road which leads from Paris to Deauville, at present called the *Route des Quarante Sous*, will have to be rechristened the *Route des Quarante Fous*. If the drivers of these new Sixes do not develop a mad lust for top speed they will belie their racial characteristics.

WE have just been bidding "Adieu" to Maurice Chevalier, who gave a series of farewell performances at the Apollo before leaving for Hollywood. It is not too pleasant, although the sadness of farewell must be eased somewhat on his side by the receipt of 20,000 francs a night for these "last appearances." One is inclined to think that it is a case of saying "Good-bye," and not "Au revoir," as, unless Maurice is a surprising failure in Hollywood, there can scarcely be enough francs available in Paris to lure him back. He will probably pay us summer visits, like the other exported Parisian *vedettes*, who look us up in June along with the hot-dog and the tin-tack kings. We shall miss Maurice mightily. He was about the only really cheerful comedian there was. That almighty dollar is certainly the despair of Europe.

"The *mal de mer*"

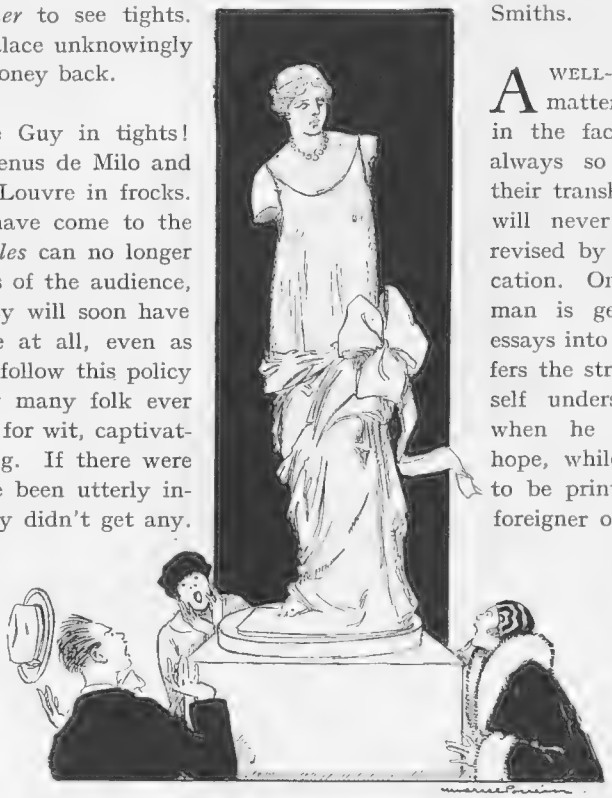
"Autumn"

AND we are not cheered up by the new *revue* at the Palace. Parisians are describing it as "terribly respectable"—the first time I have heard such a phrase employed about a Paris revue. It seems that in the view of the managers the nude has had its

day on the Paris music-halls—at least for a year or two—and their expectation is that people will flock to a fully clothed revue as a curiosity. They are counting on the appeal of tights as a "new attraction." *Eh bien,* even for Parisians I doubt its efficacy, and I certainly cannot imagine that foreign tourists will risk *mal de mer* to see tights. Those who stray into the Palace unknowingly will probably ask for their money back.

S

Fancy featuring Edmonde Guy in tights! It is like showing the Venus de Milo and other famous statues of the Louvre in frocks. These managers appear to have come to the conclusion that their *ensembles* can no longer compete with the bare backs of the audience, but it seems to me that they will soon have no audiences to contemplate at all, even as rivals to the chorus, if they follow this policy of taking to the veil. How many folk ever went to a *revue de spectacle* for wit, captivating music or excellent singing. If there were such people, they must have been utterly inexperienced, as they certainly didn't get any. There was one big attraction, and one from one leaves nothing. No wonder some of the *figurantes* at the Palace say they feel they are no longer earning their money.



"The Venus de Milo in frocks"

S

I was watching recently an important professional golf tournament of which the great novelty was a woman competitor. I don't know if you have any women golf professionals in England, but this is the first case in France, and I am inclined to think it may be the last. Anti-feminists need have no fear that any threatened invasion of this field will become a serious menace. Not because the modest little lady concerned came in last, does one feel impelled to say that. This could easily be explained by "nerves" in a first effort, especially as Mademoiselle is very young. What was made obvious was that the odds are too great for any woman. Driving must be from the back tees on such an occasion, and a two-shot hole for a man becomes a three-shot hole for the weaker sister. Some day there may be female marvels on a putting-green, but there can't be any female Abe Mitchells or Jack Smiths.

S

A well-known English writer finds matter for vast speculation, I see, in the fact that foreigners are nearly always so thoroughly contented with their translations into English that they will never condescend to have them revised by an Englishman before publication. On the other hand, the Englishman is generally so timid about his essays into a foreign tongue that he prefers the struggle of trying to make himself understood in his own language when he thinks there is the smallest hope, while, for a translation that has to be printed, he invariably consults a foreigner on the subject.

S

Yet all over France you will find gratuitous amusement offered in the shape of announcements in musical comedy English. Here is one perpetrated this week: "We are glad to inform our readers and subscribers wishing to complete their fills of *La Vie Parisienne* that we have now in sale the collections of the following years at price of (here the figures). *La Vie Parisienne* gives the just idea of the high-life of Paris, his painters and writers are surely the best of the greatest town, and the happy owner of a full collection of *La Vie Parisienne* is certain to have numerous hours of refined pleasure." After this, who are they who can resist the temptation to "complete their fills of *La Vie Parisienne?*"

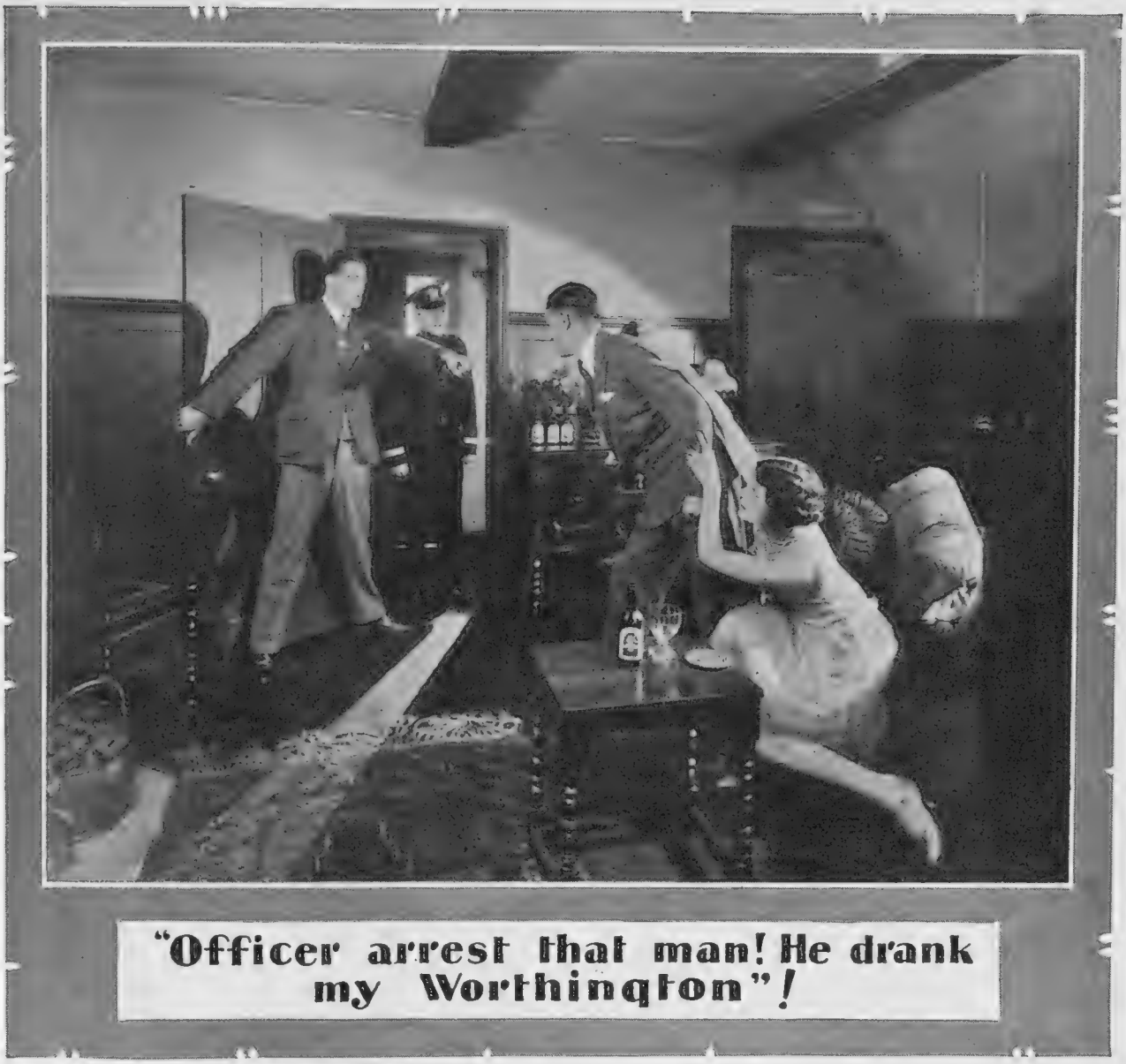
René.

IN AFRICAN WATERS

A charming photograph of Pamela and Moyra, the little daughters of Lord and Lady Francis Scott, on a coral reef at Mombasa. Lord Francis Scott is a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch

FOR ADULTS ONLY at 1·30 and 6·30

MEHAN MYGELL
in
"TROUBLE"



"Officer arrest that man! He drank my Worthington"!

Worthington First National(ly)

The World's Most Beautiful Child

Copyright] LIONEL BARNETT. *[Virol Ltd., Hanger Lane, Ealing*

His mother, Mrs. M. E. Barnett, says:—"*We owe thanks to Virol for the splendid specimen of British boyhood. I took Virol myself before baby was born. Since his birth Virol has been part of his daily diet. He has never had a day's illness, and has always been a joy to behold, good tempered and happy, and always a picture of health. It makes me happy to know he has such a splendid foundation to help him through life and the hardships of schooling.*"

Consider the perfect development which Virol gives to the muscles; the strong, firm bones built by Virol; the perfect skin made up of millions of tiny cells which Virol builds and keeps healthy. And, finally, the perfect health—"Lionel never had a day's illness, thanks to Virol."

Give *your* child the same chance. Perfect development and protection from illness by giving Virol.

Was given VIROL from Birth

IN JARS 1/3, 2/- and 3/9. ½-gall. 15/-.

FLYING NOTES

TWELVE more private owners have been registered in eight weeks, amongst them being the Director of Surveys in East Africa, who intends to use his Avro "Avian" for work as well as pleasure. Thanks to the progressive policy adopted by the Governments of Kenya and Tanganyika, there will be landing grounds scattered all over those territories, in addition to the ones ear-marked for the new air line. The Avro "Baby," on which Bert Hinkler made his famous non-stop flight to Turin just after the War, has changed hands again. Mr. H. H. Leech has bought it from Mr. R. Whitehead, who flew it in the last King's Cup Race. Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest appears as the owner of a Gipsy "Moth," which will accompany the Junkers F.13 on its flight through Africa in December.

Sport and General

THE MAIL ARRIVES

Lieut. Koppen (right) delivering the first air mail bag at Calcutta, carried by the new Dutch service. The 'plane carried mails from Amsterdam, Iraq and Baghdad

A licensed aerodrome for South Devon, mentioned some months ago, has been started at Haldon, near Teignmouth, where the Agra Engineering Co. can offer garaging and service for light 'planes. Flying Officer W. R. Parkhouse (Reserve), who is in charge, hopes that a Club will be started shortly, so those interested should get in touch with him for further particulars.

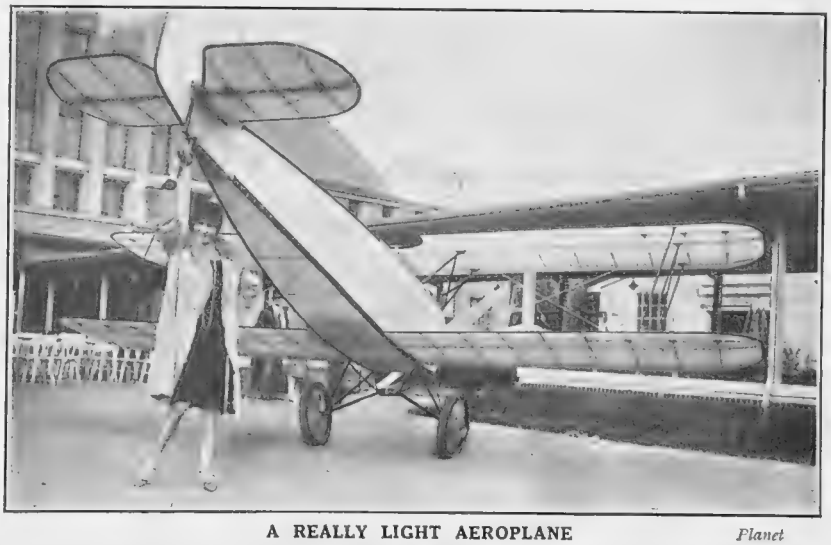
The "Flying Squad" is a misnomer which Scotland Yard has been allowed to get away with for quite long enough. The Chief Constable of Huntingdon is learning to fly at Stag Lane, so one may expect headquarters to re-equip with "Moths" at an early date. The Chilean Government has placed a repeat order with De Havillands for forty Gipsy Moths to be used for training purposes. At the same time comes news that fifty "Avians" are to be delivered to the United States for private owners and clubs, all of which is good for trade. The International Aero Show in Berlin has been supported by the "Big Four" of British engine manufacturers, Armstrong Siddeley, Napier, Rolls-Royce, and Bristol. In addition, A.D.C. are showing the Nimbus and Cirrus engines, and there are Avians, a Moth, a Bluebird, and numerous accessories on view.

Mr. Glen Ogilvie, who is still at Rugby, learnt to fly with the Suffolk Club during the summer holidays, and intends to take up an appointment in the aircraft industry later on. There will be plenty of openings for boys from the Public Schools in the industry, provided they realise that the art of flying is only a means to an end, the end itself being a thorough knowledge of the technical side with its commercial applications.

Promoters of the Brighton Motor Track and Aerodrome hope that it will be possible to hold the Aerial Derby there next year. It would be more correct to describe this famous race as a steeplechase, because on the last occasion it was held most of the competitors gave brilliant exhibitions of "hedge-hopping," which could not be appreciated by spectators on the aerodrome, most of the machines being out of sight except just at the finish. If the proposed aerodrome at Brighton is large enough and smooth enough for really fast machines it should be possible to stage a most spectacular race and beat the world's record, which is at present held by a seaplane.

Sir Alan Cobham is carrying out an extensive lecture tour throughout the British Isles, starting towards the end of this month, and he hopes that club secretaries and others interested in co-operative or private flying will get in touch with him if he can help them in any way.

C. E. WARD.



Planet

A REALLY LIGHT AEROPLANE

This machine, which is so light that it can be lifted with one hand, was exhibited at the Berlin Aviation Exhibition. It is an all-metal 'plane with a 35 h.p. engine capable of flying at 100 miles an hour

Varsities and Virgins

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

Charwomen, says a Canon, have modern sceptical views on religion

LONDON, *October* 15.

DEAR COUSIN,

RATHER a sweet and, in a way, cheering thought, is not it, how October and Octsford—I mean, Oxford—go together, as you might say? I mean, just as the *neiges d'antan*, so to speak, are closing over us and fires and furs finding their way into the daily menu, and our hearts, like our bodies, shrivelling into a kind of shivering wintriness again ('cos that's what *does* rather happen, you know). . . . Lo and behold a sort of rare and refreshing wind comes blowing up at us from that strange country of the Varsities (yes, there's Cambridge as well) where those dear and ever-youthfully colourful things called undergrads have once more assembled to live and make and rule a little kingdom all on their very own.

卐

The libraries are keeping a close look-out for "improper" books

LONDON often gets elderly, meseems, especially in autumn, when people don't play games so much, and all thoughts of holidays are finally tucked away till next time and that fatal furrow begins to re-appear between the brows. Although we do have our amusements, as, f'rinstance, that fascinating Russian cabaret at Princes'. And we read, yes, actually read instead of skimming, all the two columns about what a low opinion the famous Mr. A—— B—— has of the celebrated Dean I——, and why. And get ourselves seriously mixed up in politics and suchlike sordid things, and the price of coal, and even p'raps (if we go and hear Aimée McPherson) the state of our souls.

卐

WHEREAS in Arxford, as Aimée and the dear Duncan Sisters 'd call it (and have done before now), no one bothers about horrid silly little details like that, they don't. Recking naught of aught but fresh air and fitness, the so-called Hearties do their bit of galley-slaving or are muddied oafs at the goal (vid. op. Rud. Kip.), *ad lib.* and then some—and no one ever hits a referee over the head, either, as is done in the greater, wider world, apparently, if they don't win.

卐

RATHER sadly needed, you know, sometimes, this blast of youth, so to speak, in the Wide, Wide World of superior adults. Especially when they go holding these solemn Church Congresses and things where Bishops, etcet., wisely wag their reverend heads over the horrible problem of why people don't go to church as much as the pictures, and what awful atheists we must be getting with all those empty pews—nothing mentioned about vacant vicars, mark you, but that's by the way. Also how the masses (somewhat *démodé* word, what?) have actually dared to begin asking questions and criticising sermons, and even the charwoman, says one worthy Canon, doesn't altogether believe every single word of Genesis these days—tut, tut!

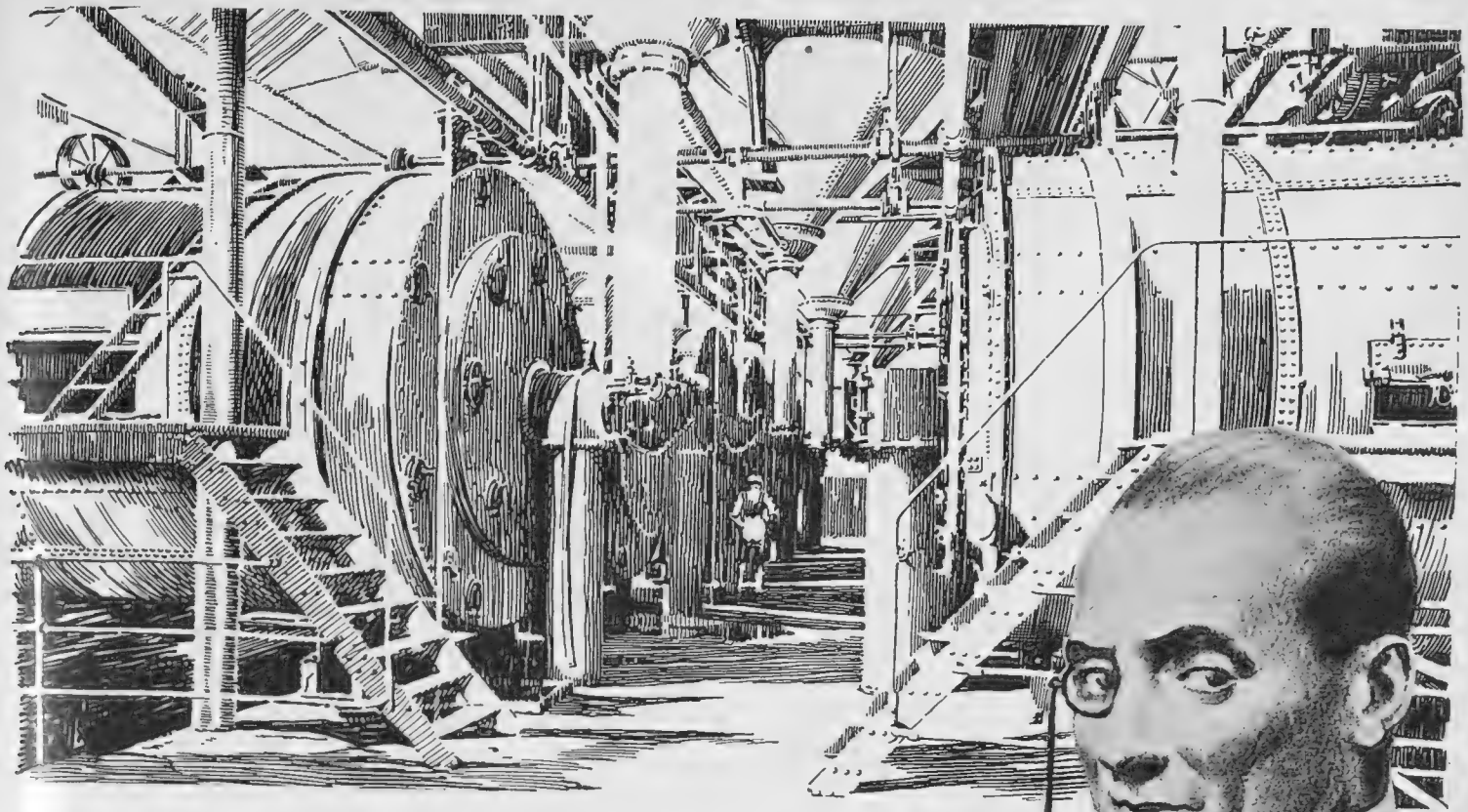
Americans criticise our golfing clothes

卐

TALKING of serious matters, by the way, hast read yet that new book of advice to virgins called "The Technique of the Love Affair," they're all talking about, I wonder? Wherein there's simply heaps and lots of fearfully good tips to women on how to deal with alleged sterner sex, and rather nicely put, some of it, too. But all rather mysterious these affairs, are not they, and must say men seem to know even less about 'em than us if anything.

卐

TO judge by what they write about 'em, that is, as, *e.g.*, in that new play at the Globe, *The Truth Game*, which is by Mr. Ivor Novello, only called himself H. E. S. Davidson for the occasion. Heaven knows why, unless he was a bit ashamed



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That's another good reason why

Dunville's

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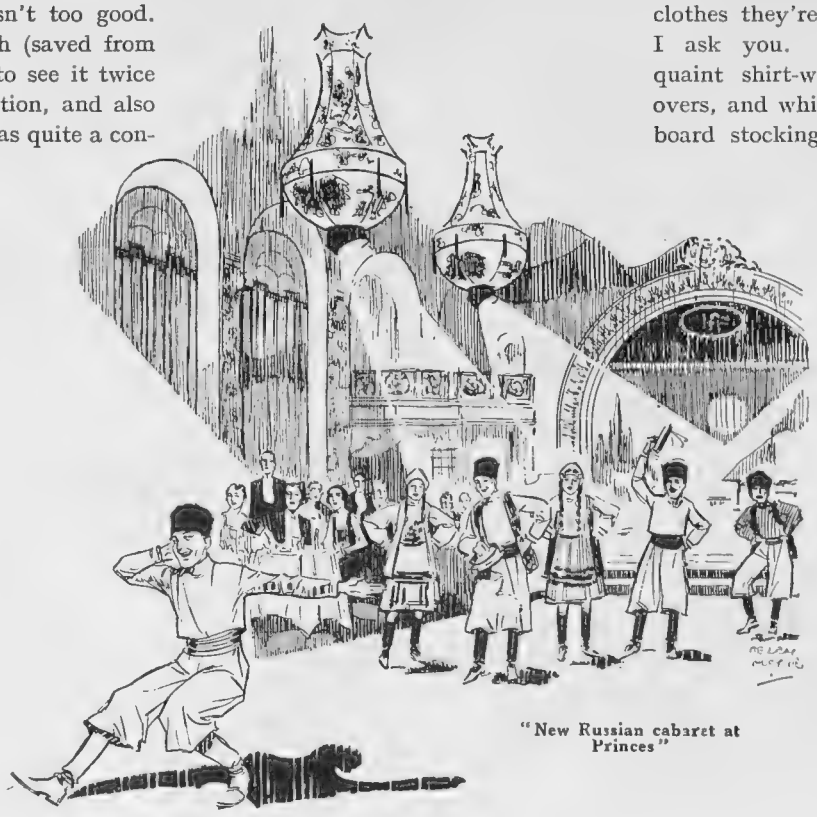
D.W. 36C

of it, and it certainly isn't too good. Though Mr. Eddie Marsh (saved from Corsican marshes) went to see it twice in two days—what devotion, and also endurance!—and there was quite a concourse of pavement fans to mob Mr. Novello to his car on the first night. Though not more really than greeted Mr. Carl Brisson, and shouted, "Good-night, darling!" as he left the Gaiety *première*—that rather cheerful affair, *Topsy and Eva,* wherein aforesaid Duncan Sisters, between you and me, fairly beat the band. Positively run the whole show for three solid hours or so, with a few interruptions from Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe and one or two other characters from *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* who come on for a song-and-dance, and get away with it, what's more, without a single back-fire, as you might say, which is saying some.



"New Russian cabaret at Princes"

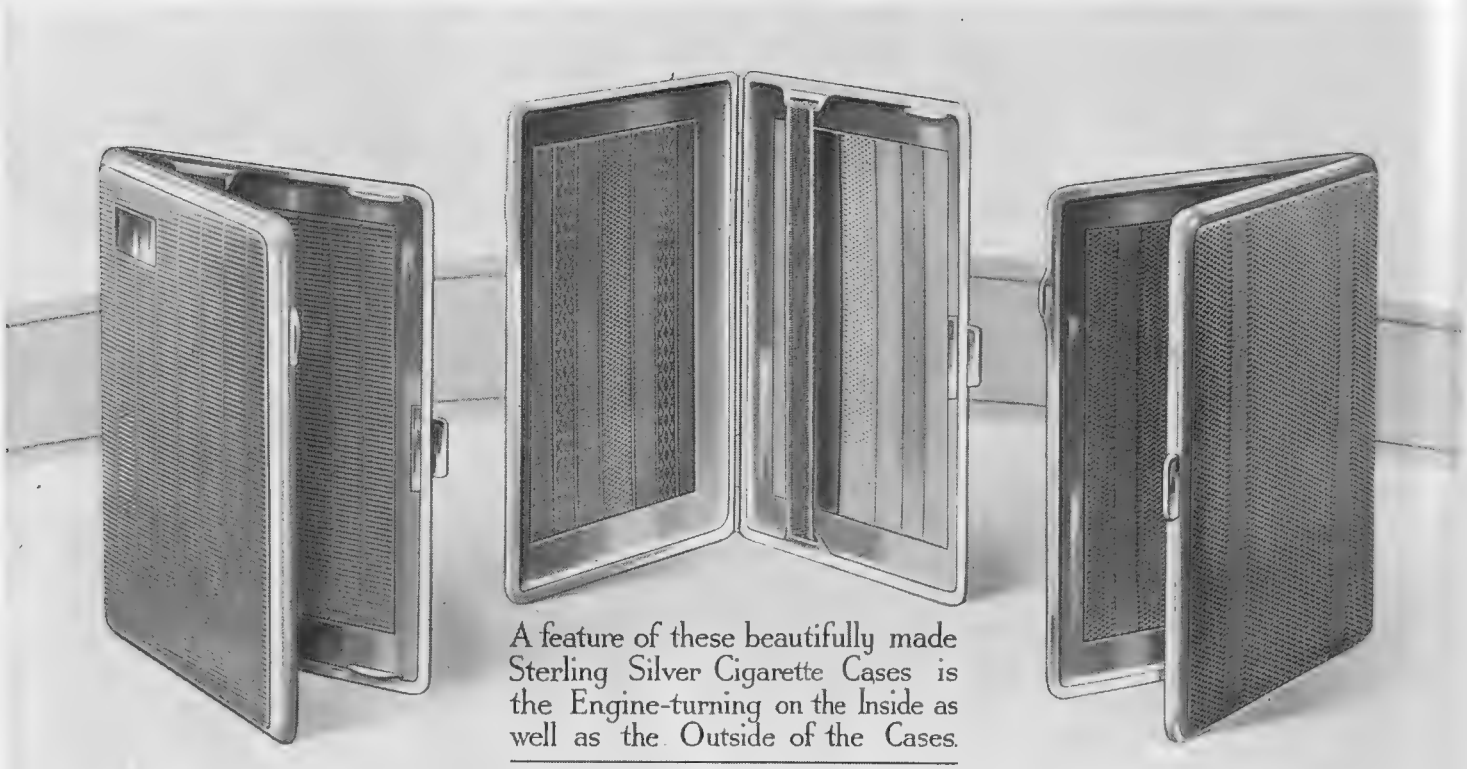
Must confess this style of humour does rather amuse me, even if not meant—like the Americans who've been criticising our golf team, who went over there because of the odd clothes they're alleged to have worn! I ask you. Consider, prithee, the quaint shirt-waists, and peppy pull-overs, and white plus-fours, and chess-board stockings, and musical comedy shoes as worn by Messrs. Hagen and Co. of Gawdelpus' own country when *we've* been privileged to watch *them.*

卐

Terribly close watch being kept on the book market, by the way, just now, I hear, 'cos of the Home Sec. having stopped one the other day, and there's a quite unreliable rumour that Mudie's and Boots' have both engaged a Bishop each to read every one of their novels before it's sent out so's to see if they can possibly find anything in it that's unfit for the eyes of an unmarried lady above the age of sixty-six.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette.



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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

MY CORRESPONDENTS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

FROM time to time I receive strange queries. Some of them are so elementary that I can't deal with them in print, and some I suspect of being leg-pulling devices to get a rise out of me.

However, I am always pleased to receive correspondence and I always reply to all letters.

From Port Elizabeth, South Africa, comes a curious query.

"When playing Bridge the other evening my partner dealt and said, 'No bid'; 2nd player, 'No bid'; 3rd player, 'No bid'; 4th player, 'One No Trump'; my partner 'Double.' All passed.

"At the conclusion of the hand my partner abused me for not calling two in my longest suit, and stated that his procedure of doubling 'one No Trump' was a well-known convention to compel me to call 'two in my longest suit.' I replied that I was quite well aware of the supposed convention, but as it was possible that both our opponents might have no knowledge of it, I was of opinion that to act as my partner expected me to do would be a mild form of cheating.

"Will you be good enough to let me have your views on the subject."

I think my correspondent was over-scrupulous. While he is quite right in the idea that no secret conventions should be allowed, the Informatory Double is, or should be, so well known everywhere by this time that he should have followed the convention.

. . . . . .

A second query from H.M.S. *Calypso* is a bit of a poser. At score A B game and 10, Y Z 24 in second game, A deals and bids "One Spade"; Y "Two Clubs"; B "No bid"; Z holds:—S.—10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 2. H.—J, 4. D.—A, J, 10, 3. C.—6. What should Z say?

It is usually bad policy to leave your partner in if you can possibly take him out, when you have only a singleton of his suit, especially when he has made a forced bid. But I am inclined to think that Z should keep silent. He has no sound bid. The possible bids suggested for him are "Two Spades," "Two Diamonds," or "Two No Trumps." But I do not approve of any of them.

The least harmful probability would be a bid of "Two Spades." This would give Y another chance to speak, and if he dislikes the Spade bid, as almost certainly he will, he must rebid his Clubs or bid three of another suit. This, however, may be going to lead him into difficulties. Z had much better remain silent. It is possible, especially at the critical score, that A may rebid his Spades or break into another suit. It is, however, a pretty problem.

. . . . . .

A correspondent in a Punjab Regiment sends me particulars of the following hand which was dealt and played at an Indian club. It was the first deal with a new pack of cards which had been shuffled normally and cut.

	S.—None. H.—K, Q, J, 9, 7, 5, 4, 2. D.—A, 10, 8, 5, 2. C.—None.	
S.—A, K, J, 10, 7, 4, 2. H.—None. D.—None. C.—Q, 8, 7, 6, 4, 2.	Y A B Z	S.—Q, 9, 8, 6, 5, 3. H.—None. D.—None. C.—A, K, J, 10, 9, 5, 3.
	S.—None. H.—A, 10, 8, 6, 3. D.—K, Q, J, 9, 7, 6 4, 3. C.—None.	

Score love all. Y deals and bids "Three Hearts"; B "Four Clubs"; Z "Four Hearts"; A "Four Spades"; Y "Five Hearts"; B "Six Spades"; Z "Seven Hearts"; A "Seven Spades"; Y and B "No bid"; Z "Double"; A "Re-double." All pass.

A, of course, made his grand slam.

It is noticeable that Y Z could make grand slam in Hearts or Diamonds, and A B grand slam in Spades or Clubs. A truly remarkable disposition of cards which, however, carries no moral except that with freak hands anything may happen.

"Never Better in my Life
—even when younger"

Away went rheumatism and back came health! Read how it happened.

"*Having been recommended to try Kruschen Salts for rheumatic pains, I found after taking a pinch every morning for a week or so not only the relief sought for, but my general state of health considerably improved. I continued taking same regularly ever since, and I never felt better in my life, even when I was younger. My present age is over 52 years.*
12th July, 1928. B.M., Acton, W.3.

Thousands bless the day they ever had rheumatism—because it made them start taking Krusch.n.

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QUEEN'S HOTEL
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Nom d'une pipe.

"NOM d'une pipe!" says the inhabitant of Gaul. A quaint phrase—sometimes strengthened by the prefix "Sacré" to make it more emphatic!

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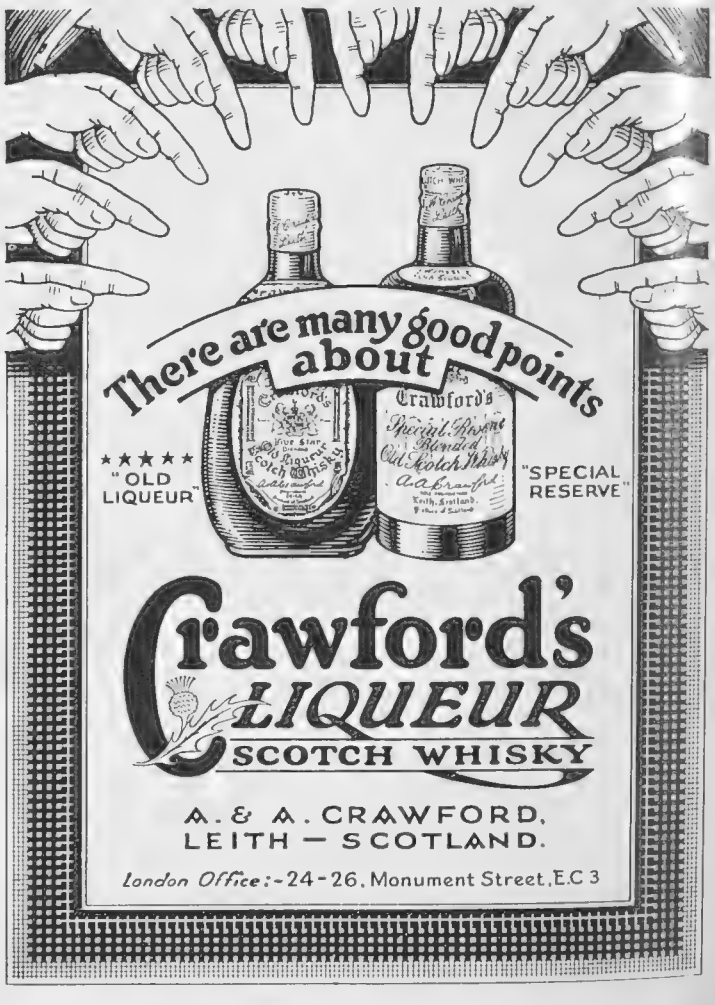

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

A NEW MASTER

Mr. C. N. de Courcy Parry photographed with his wife on a hunting morning. He is the new Master of the United Hunt. Last season he hunted the Wexford

Youngsters in the Field

CERTAIN remarks I made a week or two ago as to the necessity of giving all the encouragement we can to the youngsters when they come out with the hounds have brought me a letter of strong approval from the Master of one of the packs in the Eastern Counties. I find, however, he is by no means satisfied that the majority of children receive proper instruction in the manners of the hunting field. He considers this is due to some extent to their extreme proficiency in riding, which makes them independent of the guidance, assistance, and control which were thought to be necessary in the old days. Formerly the general instruction was to "sit back" on approaching a fence. This usually resulted in the youngsters keeping well in the background from lack of confidence until they reached an age to be "told off" by the experienced members of the field.

AT AN IRISH MEET

Mr. "Atty" Persse, the well-known Stockbridge trainer, photographed with his wife at a recent meet of the Limerick Hounds. Mr. Persse is Joint-Master with Mr. A. P. Pollock of the Limerick this season

Faults to be Corrected

MOST people abstain from correcting other people's children. One of the principal faults of the girls and boys is "cutting in" instead of waiting their turn at gaps or gates. Another mischievous habit is crossing at the fences, which constitutes a real danger to themselves as well as a great annoyance to their elders. We may safely reckon that in the majority of cases all this is entirely the fault of the parents. I hope what I have written will have the effect of causing fathers and mothers to pass the hints along to the younger generation.

Photographs *Poole*

A HUNTING BARONET

Sir Thomas Ainsworth, who is the new Master of the gallant "Tipps"—the Tipperary Hounds. He is a former Master of the Galway "Blazers," and a former Joint-Master of the Meath

In the Vale of White Horse

FROM both sides of the Vale of White Horse I have had a satisfactory account of cub-hunting operations and of the outlook for the season. Plenty of cubs have been found in the country covered by Lord Bathurst's fine pack. The farmers, with few exceptions, welcome the hounds. A pleasant feature of each season in this country are the two farmers' Hunt dinners. One is held at Cirencester, where the farmers on the Gloucestershire side of the country are entertained. The other is at Malmesbury, to which the Wiltshire farmers are invited. All damage to poultry is promptly attended to by an excellent hon. secretary, Colonel A. Paley, whose careful attention to claims tends to promote good feeling. All the wire is either marked or taken down, but it must be admitted that every year the wire question becomes more and more difficult.

On the Cricklade Side

COLONEL W. F. FULLER, who has hunted the Cricklade side of the V.W.H. for many years, tells me that he fears the wire trouble is an ever-increasing one in grass countries. "Although every help is given us in taking it down for hunting," he adds, "there is no doubt that the use of it is continually growing, and the removal becomes more costly each year." Colonel Fuller thinks that last spring must have been an exceptional breeding season for foxes, judging by the large (numerically) size of the litters he has seen so far. He considers that, on the whole, prospects for the new season in the Cricklade district are better than he has known them at any time since the end of the War.

By "The Kennelman"

THE Dog Show in the Winter Gardens at Cheltenham to-day (Wednesday) should be well worth a visit; and as Spillers are benching and feeding, it may well be the exhibits of all breeds would endorse the promoters' claim that it's "the most *comfortable* Show" in the country. If southern England leads the way in Shows and in its proportion of Dog-owners to the unfortunate who are Dogless, nobody can deny the supremacy of the North on the business side. The sporting keenness of its fanciers, too, is remarkable, especially where Terriers and that great race-Dog the Whippet are concerned. The famous doggy journal, *Our Dogs*, has its habitat in Manchester, and now *The Dog World* has left the South and is issued from the noted Dog-dealing capital—Bradford. Well, London is not likely to lose its production of the monthly *Kennel Gazette*—the most important and informing journal of its kind in the world.

"While holiday-making on the South Coast," writes a London Dog-lover, "I heard of Police Dog Trials being held, and, of course, made a point of attending. It was a good enough show, but what sickened me was the foreignness, not to say the *Deutschland über alles*-ness, of it all. That the Dogs should have been all Alsatians seemed stupid enough, to one who knows a bit about our own Airedales and Sheepdogs—as British as roast beef, and easily the best in the world for training. But when it came to all German words of command, we felt our tails really were between our legs. As you recently pointed out, the docks police of Hull, for instance, swear by the Airedale, and with good cause; and a judge on the Bench (at Lichfield, I think it was) said, 'Nothing would induce me to keep an Alsatian Dog after my experience in these Courts.'" Well, a Terrier breeder, writing in *The Dog World*, affirmed the public would soon take these Dogs to their hearts if only Alsatian owners would . . . "Pull yourselves together! Weed out your shy, unsound, and treacherous specimens. Treat the rest as Dogs, on doggy lines." . . . Whatever the variety or origin, British breeding and rearing, and assuredly British "words of command," are best for all members of our canine community. Mrs. J. L. E. Aspinall writes of the conspicuous success the Swiss police are making of training Airedales for their work, adding that: "The Airedale Terrier is his own most eloquent propagandist, and is fast becoming as popular on the Continent as at home."

Most of the Airedale Terriers now chosen and trained so extensively by Continental police are Show Dogs, and the descendants of Show Dogs. And that brings one to a point recently discussed in our British *Kennel Gazette:* Do wide popularity, and consequently large-scale kennel breeding, tend to spoil any given breed? They certainly would, if the view of Mr. C. H. Hildebrand that the life of big kennels is penal servitude for Dogs were even approximately correct. The present writer's experience is that such a view is quite fantastically incorrect—baseless. There are badly run kennels, to be sure, and badly run human homes, too. But, apart from ethics and sentiment, pedigree Dogs cost good money to rear, and have a good market value. "Penal servitude" and unhappiness would *never* produce healthy, happy Dogs, and the unhealthy, unhappy sort would never find buyers. Study and talk to them at the leading Shows, and you will see. "Penal servitude!" Tut, tut, Mr. Hildebrand! Whatever may be the life of German police and other kennels, the vast majority of our British-bred Dogs are happy as sandboys—praise be!

Well–off because fed on Melox Dog Foods.

Begging for Melox because the Melox diet, besides keeping him in perfect condition, appeals irresistibly to the canine palate.

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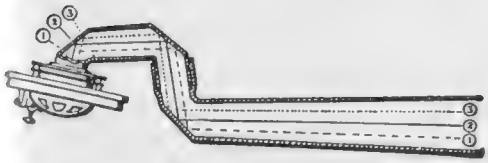
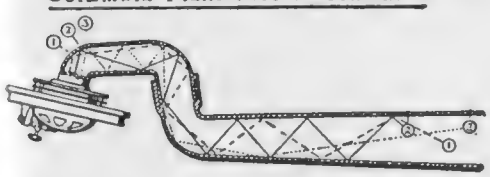


Columbia "Plano-reflex" tone-arm



Ordinary Curved-elbow tone-arm.

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Columbia Records

MAGIC NOTES TRADE-MARK

Morter

A RECENT BRIDE

Mrs. Francis Piesse, who was recently married to Mr. Francis Piesse, at All Souls, Langham Place. She is the daughter of the late Mr. John Simpson, of Watlands Park, Staffs, and of Mrs. Simpson, and is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Batty

Femina

IN THE MOVEMENT

By CANDIDA

PROTESTING too much is considered a feminine failing—by men. No doubt they're right. It's hard for some of us to go through life without doing something about it. It's impossible not to embellish a little here and there just to make listening a little more amusing for other people. To leave well alone without trying to turn it into something better, can you always resist that terrific temptation? And isn't it sheer altruism after all to rush in gallantly and do one's little best where those superior people, those who love facts for facts' sake, would scorn to tread?

BY protesting I don't mean piling on the agony till your superlatives have ceased to be impressive. Protesting isn't only done in words. It's done in deeds, in manners, in art, in fashions, in anything, and to attract attention you must shout a little louder than the rest. This season, for instance, we've rediscovered woman, the outward woman, and can't say too much about her. After a prolonged girls-will-be-boys stunt we've swung back to the inevitable, to a frilly, fussy femininity, all curves and fluffs and bows and longish hair. By "we" I mean the dressmaker people. They're stating their intentions quite plainly. Girls will be boys no longer (if they're to have any say), and it takes miles and miles of chiffon to make a decent skirt. Velvet will be "it," as usual, the experts tell us, but not the velvet that stately dames wore with their real lace and white hair; not even yesterday's ring velvet that seemed the last word in wonderful inventions, but a clinging, cajoling stuff that looks to the uninitiated eye as if it would wear about a fortnight and cost a fortune.

UNDER VENETIAN SKIES

Dolores Del Rio, the famous film star, photographed in an unconventional pose in Venice. She is seen here enjoying the sunshine in the courtyard of the Doges Palace

"WE can't get it fast enough," that's what the people say who sell it to you, and I don't wonder. Whoever saw such beauty of downy gossamer, such radiant bloom, such stuff that dreams are made of? You see it's impossible to describe it without piling on superlatives. So by way of an antidote I tracked it to its lair. I went into one of those dull little streets behind Regent Street where there are no shops to amuse one, and the windows are shrouded in wire curtains, and there's nothing to rouse interest or speculation. That's where the silk people keep their lovely stuff in cardboard boxes and the place is as unexciting as a warehouse. But as it's the silk that matters one does without the atmosphere.

TRADE doesn't encourage atmosphere. Even the spices, otherwise scents, are commercialised. All the best dressmaker people specialise in scents with lovely names to go with their lovely frocks, and they must keep a tame poet on the premises who in the intervals of composing *vers libres,* which don't pay, invents those rare, romantic names which do—at least, I hope so. As for the silks and velvet, when they came out of their cardboard wrappings and lay in great shimmering folds on the counter I forgot my good resolutions and poured out every adjective I could lay hands on, I mean tongue to. You've seen brocades before, and so have I, but have you ever come across a crowd of brilliant Brazilian butterflies playing in a dusk powdered with gold? Can you imagine a flock of exotic birds shading from amber to orange flying with magnificent wings outstretched through a shimmering haze of bronze and silver? Have you met . . . . "Nice brocades, aren't they?" said the cheerful assistant who was showing them to me. He wasn't seeing any visions, not he. He was paid to sell his stuff to people who'd make it into evening cloaks and teagowns, and that was that.

AS for velvet, that clinging, cajoling velvet to match the clinging, cajoling ways of the immemorial Eve (pure calumny, by the way; Eve had character, and was almost too brusque in her sincerity), that velvet, as I've said before, is dear to the inventors of the feminine movement in dress. Some of it is plain and looks as if it had imprisoned an autumn mist in a cobweb; others are patterned, endlessly patterned with spots massed together geometrically, or splashed about in the jazzy whirls we call modern.

I FINISHED up my adventures at a *thé dansant* and dress show. There were interested spectators by the hundred, and the feminine movement was well to the fore with bustles, bows, frills, bunched skirts, and, of course, printed velvet frocks in every colour for every mood. In short, we had the new movement at its happiest and best. What if it does protest too much? It's so amusing; it can afford it.

Photographs

THE HON. MARGARET SMITH

The younger daughter of the late Viscount Hambleden and Viscountess Hambleden. Her marriage to Mr. John Granville Morrison took place on October 16

Hay Wrightson

MISS ESTHER COGHILL

Third daughter of the Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Coghill, of Southwell, Notts. She is to marry Major J. Malcolm Graham, of the Worcestershire Regt., on October 18

FOUR OCTOBER BRIDES

WHOSE WEDDINGS ARE INCLUDED IN THE LIST OF AUTUMN EVENTS

Lafayette

MISS NANCY MONTAGUE

Whose wedding to Mr. William Hope Collins will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 25. She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. N. Montague and Mrs. Montague

Hay Wrightson

THE HON. ELIZABETH JOLLIFFE

The only daughter of Lord and Lady Hylton. On October 16 she was married to Mr. Edmund Joly de Lotbiniere at St. George's, Hanover Square

The Whisky of the Empire

The name "Haig" is, in the whisky world, synonymous with the word "quality." Nothing finer goes into any bottle. Ample stocks of the finest whisky ever made in the Highlands of Scotland are lying in the Haig Bonds, so uniform quality for the future is assured. Haig Whisky is the safest and best beverage for all climates. Doctors agree that it is a fine antidote to acidity.

12/6
HOME
MARKET

13/6
HOME
MARKET

Haig

WHISKY

More Show Notes at Olympia

By E. M. WRIGHT

Bean, Stand 132 Bean Cars, Ltd., are staging five examples on their stand (No. 132), two being 14-45 h.p. Hadfield Beans of the type that was introduced last year. Cars of this denomination have become increasingly popular since the beginning of the season, and the many owners have experienced the high speeds and smooth running which are remarkable for a four-cylinder 14 h.p. car. The 14-45 h.p. engine, with Ricardo cylinder head, perhaps presents the most interesting feature in the design, but there are also other attractions in the way of Hadfield suspension, worm transmission, and the roomy and comfortable bodywork.

Greatest interest, however, will probably centre in the other three exhibits, which are entirely new sports cars giving remarkable performance for a very modest outlay. There will be a 14-70 h.p. Hadfield sports saloon priced at £495, a 14-70 h.p. sports tourer at £435, and a 14-70 h.p. sports coupé at £498.

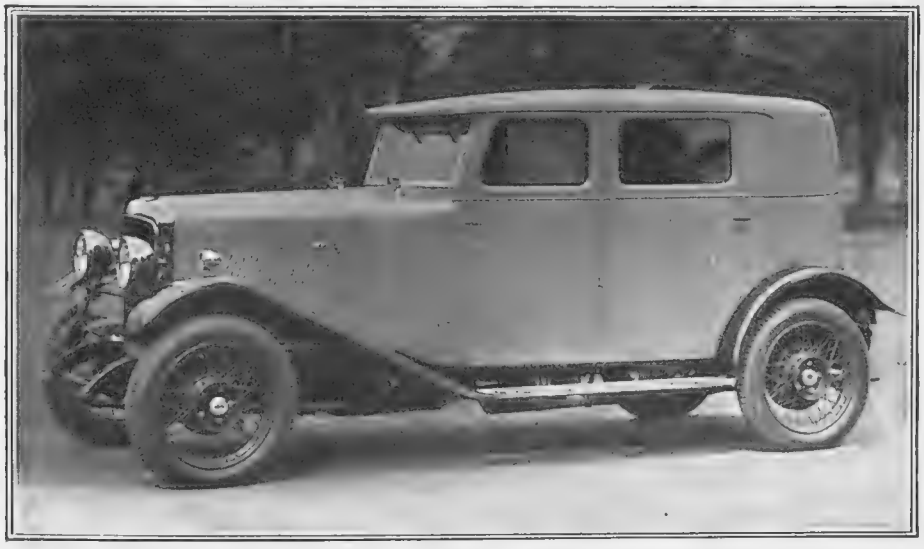
These sports cars are claimed to be capable of 50 m.p.h. on third and over 70 m.p.h. on top. They are all fitted with Dewandre servo-motor four wheel brakes and Triplex glass.

Hooper, Stand 108 The stand of Messrs. Hooper (Coachbuilders), Ltd., No. 108, has two examples of this company's coachwork, on a 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce and on a V. 30 h.p. Double-Six Daimler. They are, respectively, the new Hooper Sedanca with a division behind the driving seat and a folding leather extension over that seat, and a Hooper enclosed limousine with a partition behind the driver. The equipment of the former is most elaborate, including a cabinet fitted to the rear compartment with a Gordon's gin cocktail bottle, nest of silver-plated beakers, and a first-aid outfit; a miniature instrument board is fitted above the cabinet with a speedometer, aneroid and clock.

On each of the Lanchester, Bentley, Rolls-Royce and Hispano-Suiza stands there is another example of Hooper coachwork to be seen, that on the Hispano-Suiza being a particularly fine sports saloon cabriolet.

WITH THE ROOF THAT FOLDS LIKE A ROLL-TOP DESK: THE NEW SINGER SUNSHINE SALOON

THE OPEN TOURER AT ITS BEST: A HUMBER FIVE-SEATER IN SURREY



SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT OLYMPIA: THE 14-70 H.P. HADFIELD BEAN SPORTS SALOON

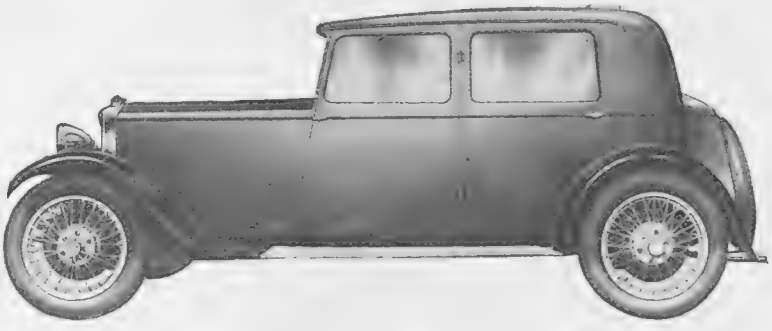
Star, Stand 101 For 1929 the Star Engineering Co., Ltd., is concentrating on two models only, namely, the 18-50 h.p. and the 20-60 h.p. six-cylinder cars. Of the former car, which was first introduced last year, four are shown on the makers' stand (No. 101), these being the chassis, a standard five-seater, the four-door fabric saloon, which is, perhaps, the most popular model and is priced at £525, and the four-door coachbuilt saloon at £545. Both the latter cars have Triplex glass.

There is also a four-door coachbuilt saloon limousine on the 20-60 h.p. six-cylinder model at the price of £860 complete. Refinements to be noted on the 18-50 h.p. car this year are right-hand

THE MODERN WAY OF TOURING: ON TREK WITH AN ECCLES MOTOR CARAVAN

control and the fitting of new type pistons, oil filter, steering damper, lower body, safety glass, and Lucas dipping reflectors.

Riley, Stand 65 Two new models figure on the Riley Stand (No. 65), while several improvements are to be noted on the types which have proved so popular during the past season. The Monaco saloon, for instance, is being retained without change except for alterations in the lines, which have made them finer than ever, while Triplex glass is fitted as standard. A new saloon, the Biarritz, is introduced, the ingenious construction and mounting of which eliminates all interior noise. The six-cylinder Riley of 14 h.p. can best be described as a larger version and development of the Riley Nine, having, for instance, the same cylinder dimensions. The Deauville coachbuilt and the Stelvio saloon bodies which are fitted to the Riley Six are bodies which, like the Biarritz saloon on the 9 h.p. car, have been designed from the inside rather than from the outside. While the comfort of driver and passengers has been considered before external lines, it is obvious that appearance has in no way suffered from this fact; rather the reverse is the case.



THE "STELVIO" SALOON, ONE OF THE NEW 14 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER RILEYS

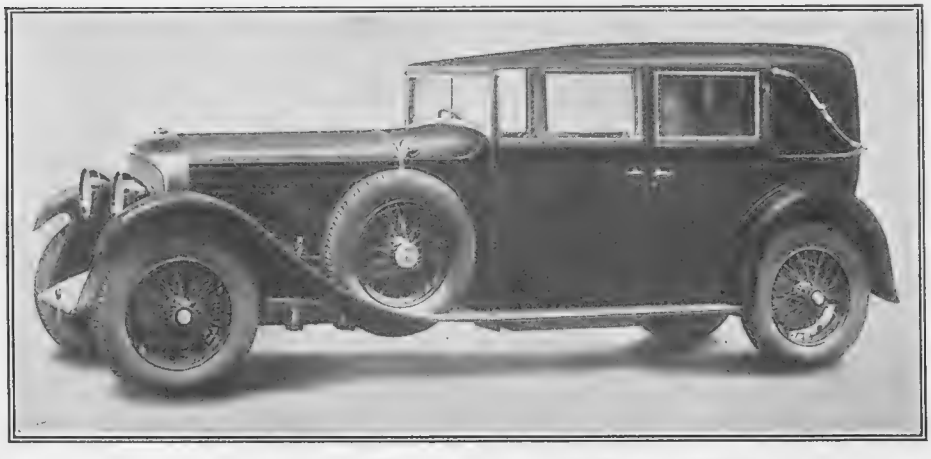
Studebaker, Stand 130 Typical of the splendid value in large closed cars offered by the Studebaker range are the two largest saloons shown on Stand No. 130. One is the 27-70 h.p. six-cylinder Studebaker Director Royal saloon at £525, with wire wheels as standard. The other, one of the most handsome American cars in the Show, is an example of the new 39-109 h.p. Studebaker Straight Eight. This is a seven-seater Berline, with most elaborate equipment, including two spare wheels and tyres, and a very attractive colour scheme, while the price is but £888.

The ever-popular Erskine saloons are shown in two types, the 18-55 h.p Royal at £365, and the 16-40 h.p. at £335. The former has mohair upholstery, silk curtains, upholstered arm-rests, and wire wheels, with two spares, while the latter is upholstered in broadcloth and has one spare rim and tyres. Ball-bearing spring shackles that need no lubrication are a feature of the larger models referred to, and all are worthy examples of Studebaker value.

Triumph, Stand 10 The latest Triumph cars, shown on Stand No. 10, are exquisite examples of British engineering practice. As everyone knows, this company's bicycles and motor cycles have enjoyed the highest reputation for many years, and it was an announcement of the greatest interest when, last year, they entered the "Seven" sphere, after some seasons with a 15 h.p. model. The fitting of wire wheels and the sinking of wells in the floorboard have vastly improved the latest models of the "Seven," and the fabric saloon at £172 10s. and the *de luxe* tourer at £162 10s. are well worth close inspection.

The engine has a three-bearing crankshaft, an unusual feature for so small a car, and the chassis specifica-

(Continued on page iv)



ON A SIX-CYLINDER BENTLEY: A FINE THRUPP AND MABERLY CABRIOLET DE VILLE

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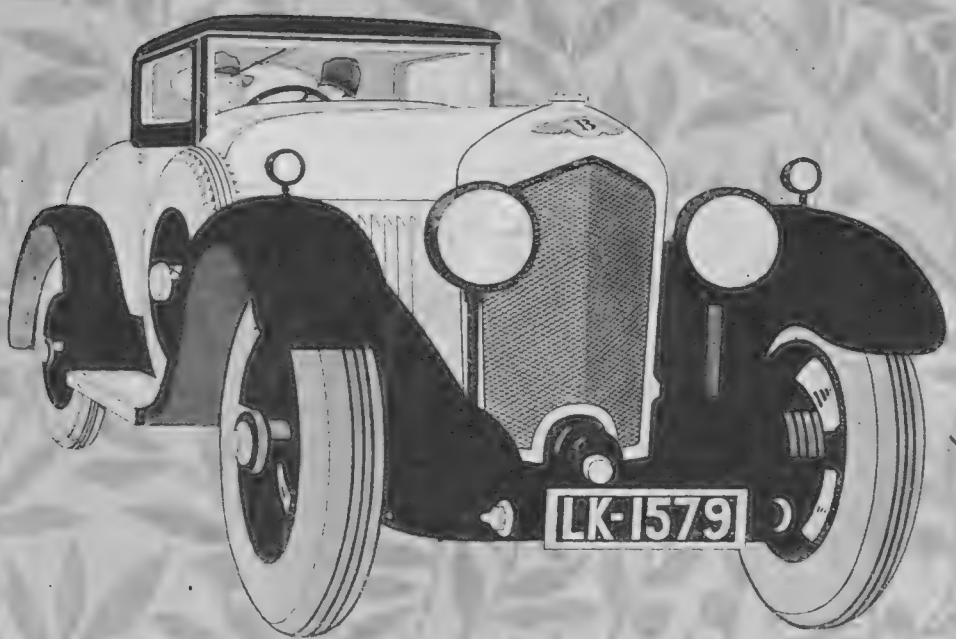
OLYMPIA STAND 137

OCT. 11th—20th.



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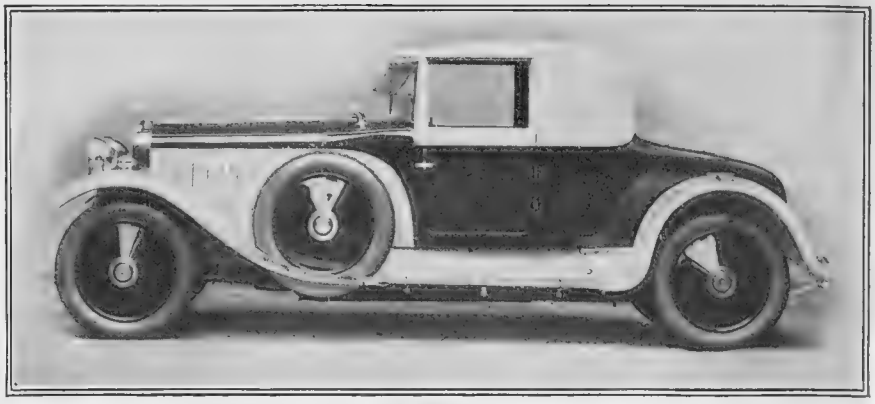
(Continued from page ii)

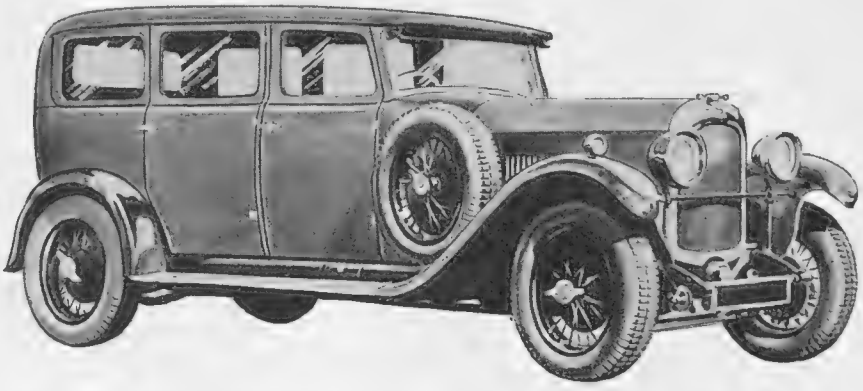
tion includes hydraulic four-wheel brakes, semi-elliptic springing, shock absorbers to all wheels, and a five-lamp lighting set on all models.

Lagonda, Stand 131

One of the most interesting cars in the Show is the new W.7 enclosed drive Weymann saloon exhibited on the stand of Lagonda, Ltd. (No. 131), and priced complete at £965 on the new three-litre six-cylinder model. It is fitted with a sliding and disappearing hood which bids fair to revolutionise coachbuilding. The design results in a body which can be converted, whilst in motion, from a saloon to a landaulet without the inherent disadvantages of that type of body, and



A PRIZE-WINNING HISPANO-SUIZA: COMMANDER GRAHAME-WHITE'S TWO-FOUR-SEATER COUPÉ WITH COACHWORK BY HOOPER AND CO.



THE NEW THREE-LITRE SIX-CYLINDER LAGONDA, OF WHICH GREAT THINGS ARE EXPECTED

either front or rear, or both, portions can be opened or closed with two fingers at any time. The body is claimed to be proof against weather and noise, yet the design is such that it has been possible to retain the handsome lines which distinguish Lagonda bodywork. This type of head, or the usual fixed type, will be optional on this body, and it can be supplied on any of the other bodies at an extra charge that will probably not exceed £20. It will be interesting to see how the public takes to this new body style, which deserves every encouragement.

Other exhibits on the stand are the two-litre Lagonda Speed model in the open four-seater and Weymann saloon versions, and a 16-65 h.p. standard saloon.

(Continued on page vi)

The Sensation of Olympia

MERCÉDÈS-BENZ

STRAIGHT EIGHT (4½ LITRE)

(Non-Supercharger)

THE GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

Chassis only (with central chassis lubrication) **£845**
6/7-Seater Pullman Limousine - **£1,195**

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THE WONDERFUL GRAND PRIX SPORTS SUPERCHARGER 36/220 H.P.

STAND 156, AVENUES Q & R.

BRITISH MERCÉDES-BENZ LIMITED,
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The New 9/28 h.p. 4-cyl. Saloon, £295.

MODELS AND PRICES INCLUDE	
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9/28 h.p. 4-cyl. 4 seater TOURER ..	£240
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14/40 h.p. 4-cyl. 5 seater SALOON ..	£475
16/50 h.p. 6-cyl. 5 seater "DUAL-PURPOSE" Model	£440
16/50 h.p. 6-cyl. 5 seater WEYMANN SALOON	£497
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A RANGE of Cars you *must* see. Cars of marked performance and a new beauty of contour; Cars of Dignity, Comfort and Power.

The low centre of gravity gives to the new Humber a road worthiness unequalled. The ideally slung bodies with low sweeping lines, the upholstery and envied Humber coachwork finish combine to still further enhance the fame of the name.

There are numerous new features that will hold your interest in the 1929 Range of Humber Cars. See them, examine them minutely!

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The 37·2 h.p. is fitted with a Unique Gurney Nutting Weymann Saloon body.

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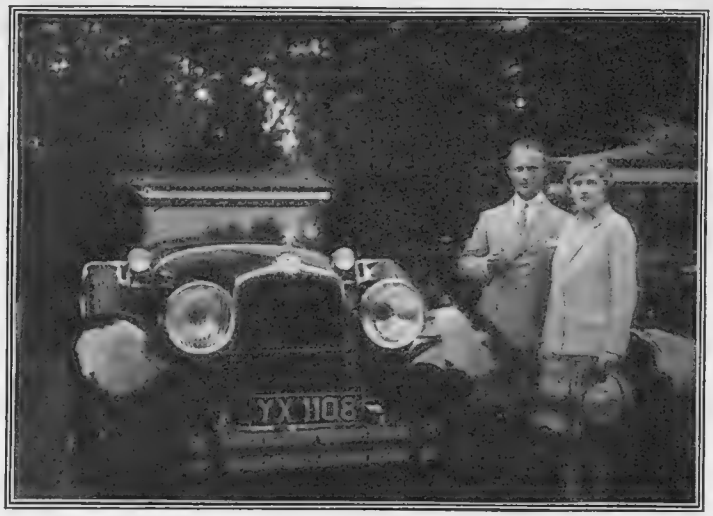


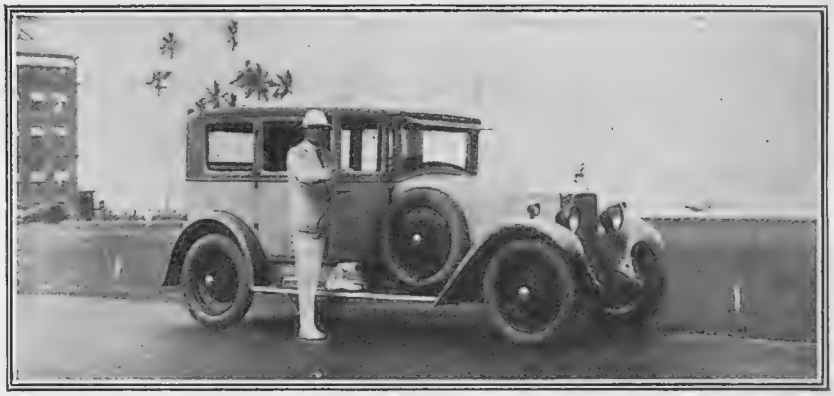
WITH A BLACK HAWK STUTZ AT BIARRITZ: COL. AND MRS. WARWICK WRIGHT

(Continued from page iv)

Alfa-Romeo, Stand 35 The Alfa-Romeo stand (No. 35), comprises five exhibits of this well-known Italian make, which has been so successful in competitions, particularly during this past season. These are three examples of the standard 15-60 h.p. six-cylinder model, which has an engine of 62 by 82 mm. bore and stroke and a Treasury rating of 14.2 h.p. The bodies are a Weymann saloon, occasional four-seater coupé, with chromium-plated fittings, and a four-seater tourer by James Young and Co., Ltd. This is a most attractive car, the exterior being finished in ocean blue and green, lined out in Norfolk red, while the interior is upholstered in leather to match, and all fittings are chromium plated. One example of the 15-75 h.p. six-cylinder standard sports chassis is shown fitted with a two-seater sports body by J. Young and Co., specially designed for this chassis. There is also a supercharged 15-85 h.p. two-seater with another type of sports body by the same builders.

Shaw and Kilburn, Stand 86 Three Vauxhall six-cylinder cars comprise the exhibits on the stand of Messrs. Shaw and Kilburn, Ltd., and all have coach-work by the exhibitors. One is a Kimberley saloon painted light grey with darker grey top panels, wings and chassis, and upholstery in blue furniture hide. Another a fabric saloon-landaulet, and the third a "chummy" fabric saloon with a luggage trunk at the rear. This is a particularly handsome model, the exterior being covered with two-tone brown fabric, and the bonnet wings, chassis and wire wheels cellulose painted to match.

(Continued on page viii)

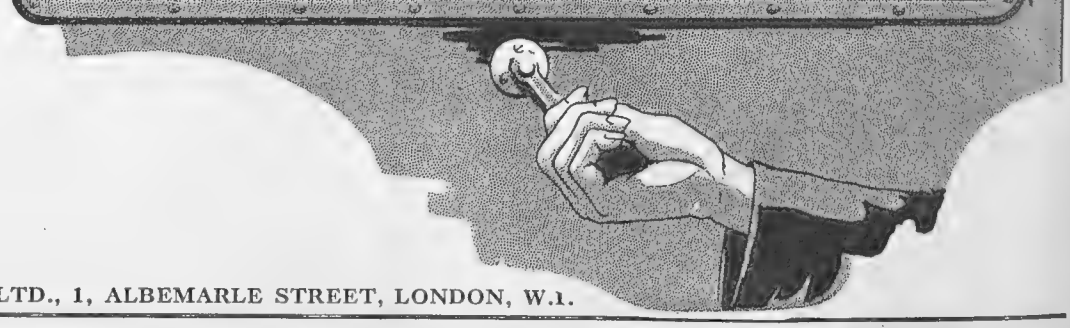


THE CHAIRMAN OF VAUXHALL'S TAKES ONE OF THEM TO CEYLON: MR. LESLIE WALTON BY AN EASTERN SHORE

¶ Raise the Safety Glass Question *at* Olympia Oct. 11th - 20th *on* STAND 218!

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd. -and be safe!

Shatter-proof X XX Splinter-proof



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THE "DARWIN" CHAIR. A delightful model of ease; roomy, but not obstructive. It has 60 springs and is upholstered all hair. Covered in a beautiful green Moquette at 19/6 per yd., the Down Cushions of rich Cut Moquette, with charming design of spring flowers, tulips predominating. £12 : 15 : 0. Or covered in a Damask at 7/11 per yd., £9 : 15 : 0.
THE CURTAINS illustrated are of rich Velvet with beautifully embroidered design of falling blossoms in colours to suit any decoration. 3½ yds. long £5 : 19 : 6 per pair.
THE TABLE, of choice figured Walnut, nicely carved, £5 : 15 : 0
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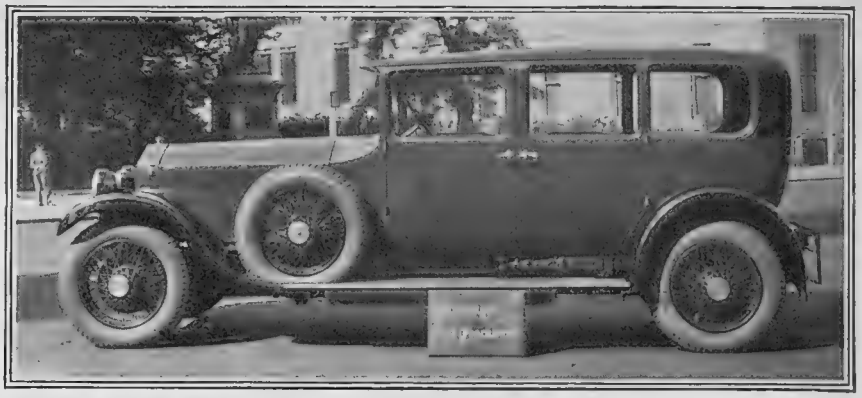
These buses pass the door : 5a, 32, 32c, 32d, 51, 51a, 67 80, 88 88a, 89, 105. Also trams : 2a, 4a, 6, 8, 20, 34

(*Continued from page* vi)

Shell, Stand 219

No motorist who has a thought for his engine should miss the stand of Shell-Mex, Ltd., where one of the exhibits is a remarkable working model of an engine designed to show the different extremes of heat to which various parts, such as the cylinders, bearings and sump, are subjected. This is done by a thermometer connected to these parts, and it demonstrates the danger of using oil with a wrong "body," or oils which, though they seem to be heavy, contain ingredients that create an excess of carbon.

An interesting booklet written by fourteen authorities, including Malcolm Campbell, on the Care and Driving of a Car, is also given away to visitors; or to readers who cannot attend Olympia Messrs. Shell-Mex, Ltd., will send a copy post free on request.



TWO IDEALS IN ONE: CONNAUGHT COACHWORK ON A 40-50 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS

A 12-32 H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER WOLSELEY COUPÉ PASSING WALTON HALL, WELLESBOURNE

Graham-Paige, Stand 34

The Graham-Paige was the first American car to be fitted with a four-speed gear box—and a very interesting type of box, too. The ratios provided are such that, in addition to the comfort and silence usual to large American sixes, the Graham-Paige has the performance of a powerful sports model, speeds of 75 and 65 m.p.h. respectively being obtainable (to speak from personal experience) on its two top gears. Owing to the design silence and ease of engagement are also marked features of this four-speed gear box. Examples of various models, with English as well as American coachwork, are shown on Stand 34, in the passage-way between Main and New Halls. There is, in particular, a remarkably fine fabric body by Mulliner on one of the larger six-cylinder chassis. A sectioned gear box is also exhibited.

(*Continued on page* x)

FOUR MILES HIGH!

Light Aeroplane Height Record Broken on

WAKEFIELD
CASTROL
MOTOR OIL

On Thursday, Oct. 4th, Lady Heath attained a height of nearly 23,000 feet on a D.H. Moth Light Aeroplane, thus breaking (subject to confirmation) the world's single-seater light aeroplane height record. The Cirrus engine of Lady Heath's 'plane was lubricated with Wakefield CASTROL.

The two-seater light aeroplane height record of nearly 20,000 feet, by Capt. G. De Havilland on a GIPSY-MOTH, was also made on CASTROL.

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All the comfort of a big car

The Whippet Four door Family Saloon seats five adult passengers with ample leg and elbow room. In speed, acceleration, hill climbing and general road performance it equals cars of twice its power and three times its price.

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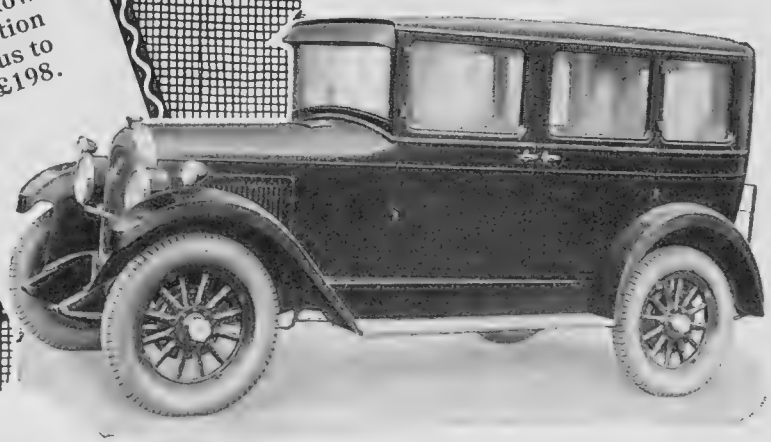
Easy manipulation, petrol consumption 30 m.p.g., 3,000 m.p.g. on oil, and low maintenance cost. Its proven reputation and increasing demand has enabled us to reduce the initial cost from £220 to £198.

is found in the Whippet



5-seater Saloon reduced from £220 to £198

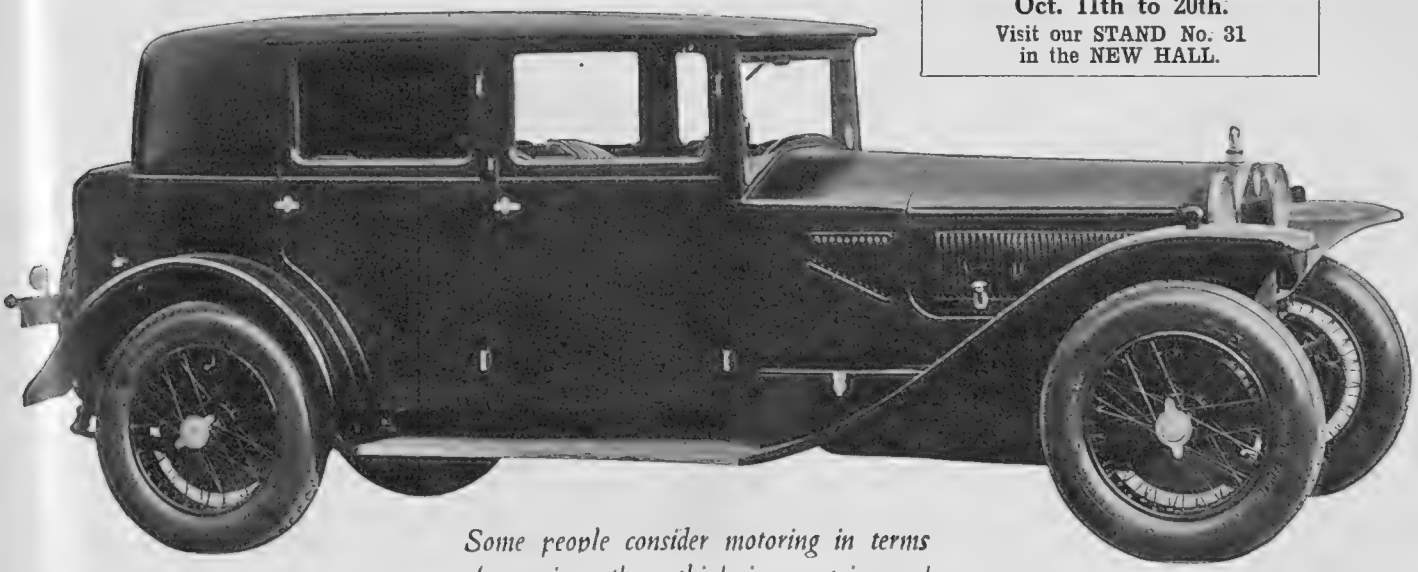
STAND No. 60

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LIMITED,
HEATON CHAPEL, STOCKPORT, ENGLAND.

London Showrooms: 151-153 and 117 Gt. Portland Street, LONDON, W.1.
Paris Shrowrooms: 144 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris.

L

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW,
Oct. 11th to 20th.
Visit our STAND No. 31
in the NEW HALL.



Some people consider motoring in terms of counties, others think in countries, and the minds of a few run in continents. These last drive the 17 h.p. Lancia Lambda.

LANCIA (England) LTD.
Lancia Works, Alperton, nr. Wembley.
LONDON
Telephone: Wembley 3266

LANCIA

London Distributors:
London & Counties Auto Distributors Ltd.,
18 Berkeley St., Piccadilly, London, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 7050

(*Continued from page* viii)

Pratts, Stand 217 The mechanical world has its detectives no less than the human race. The visitor to Olympia is to be shown one of these ingenious mechanical devices at the Motor Show this year—the first time it has ever been displayed.

The machine in question is the knock-testing engine and petrol-testing equipment, with the Midgeley bouncing pin feature. This testing plant, which is to be seen on Pratts' Stand, No. 217, New Hall, Ground Floor, is employed exclusively in this country on the testing of petrols by the Pratts' organisation.

So sensitive is this equipment that it is able to detect even one per cent. addition of benzole in any petrol. Every visitor to Olympia, whether technically minded or otherwise, should make a special point of seeing it.

Two more road deaths, but Triplex Safety Glass saved a third when this motorist drove through a covey of partridges near Newbury and killed a brace of them

Castrol, Stand 407 Besides the full range of Castrol oils and greases for motor cars, there are many devices of interest to the owner-driver shown by Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., on Stand No. 406.

There is, for instance, the Wakefield patent ram gun, the unique feature of which is that the usual grease containing body is eliminated, the gun being instantly attached to a Wakefield Junior Canister containing half a pound of Castrolease, thus entirely obviating the messiness of refilling common to the usual type of grease gun.

Another speciality shown is the Wakefield push-down canister, which contains a diaphragm to facilitate filling ordinary grease guns, the gun barrel being placed over an orifice in the diaphragm and pressed down until full.

The Wakefield patent drum and barrel taps are also shown.

Wellsaline, Stand 223 On Stand No. 223, on the Ground Floor, Avenue A, Messrs. Matthew Wells and Co., Ltd., are showing the full range of Wellsaline improved process non-carbon motor oils, for which they hold the Royal appointment to the King, and for the period of the Show this concern is making a special offer. To all motorists ordering between October 11 and 20 they are prepared to supply for trial a five-gallon drum of any standard grade of Wellsaline motor oil at the special bulk price, 22s. 6d., and in addition to give them entirely free one of their Wellsaline drum pumps which are usually sold at 7s.

This offer supplies sufficient oil at lowest rates to last the average motorist for the season, and an efficient means of drawing it from the drum without waste.

E. M. W.

Modern delights amid sunshine & flowers. DECIDE NOW & BOOK NOW. Late bookings mean no choice of rooms.

COME AWAY FROM FOG & RAIN

A week-end voyage will bring you to BLUE SKIES, CALM SEAS & SUNSHINE. First-Class Hotels. Wonderful Sea Bathing. Tennis, etc.

FULL SEASON BEGINS NOVEMBER 1st.

MADEIRA is waiting for you.

CASINO PERMANENTLY OPEN. All the attractions of the Mediterranean. Luxurious Steamers of Union-Castle, R.M.S.P., Blue Star, Booth & Yeoward Lines.

Free Pamphlet & Illustrated Coloured Guide from all agencies of Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., & Steamship lines. LET MADEIRA WINE BE YOUR APPETISER.

Macfarlane Lang's
Chocolate Covered Biscuits

Obtainable in Special Tins as illustrated
Price 2/8

CHOCOLATE ASSORTED

A variety of specially selected biscuits in dainty shapes coated with finest Chocolate

for
GROWING CHILDREN
BENGER'S FOOD

COME TO SUNNY EXMOUTH

ON THE WARM SOUTH DEVON COAST

FOR AUTUMN OR WINTER HOLIDAYS

2-mile promenade, full amusements, golf.

GUIDE BOOK (1½d. stamp) from Box 13. Town Clerk, Exmouth. For Apartments, etc., Information Bureau, High Street.

Direct Expresses by Southern Railway from London (WATERLOO) Weekdays 8.40, 11.0 a.m., 12.40, 3.0, 6.0 p.m.

Week-End Tickets, Return Fares, 1st 49/-, 3rd 29/6 (from Friday to Tuesday).

FOR FAULTLESS TRAVEL

ALVIS

OLYMPIA Stand 38

WHEN you have read the claims made for various cars, pause a moment and visualise your own requirements . . . In a varied array of cars you are offered, alternatively, speed or luxury, power or economy, something unusual in performance or moderate price . . .

But in the Alvis car of 1929 ***all*** these characteristics . . . and many more . . . combine to provide faultless travel in the full sense of the word . . . a fact that is substantiated by every Alvis Owner. See the Alvis car at

STAND 38 OLYMPIA

and judge for yourself how completely this magnificent All-British car fulfils your motoring needs.

Ask your nearest Alvis Agent for an advance copy of the 1929 Alvis Catalogue showing the range in full colours—or apply for one direct to the manufacturers.

"Master of the Kings Highway"

ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,
COVENTRY.

London Distributors: Henlys Ltd., Henly House, Euston Road, N.W.

A66

Courtaulds' Fabrics

Dress and Lingerie

THE discoveries of COURTAULDS LIMITED have done more to benefit and delight womankind than any development one could name. COURTAULDS LIMITED perfected artificial silk in England and have since been equally successful in blending real silk, artificial silk and cotton or wool in endless varieties of colour and design. To-day, COURTAULDS' FABRICS bring luxury, comfort and economy to every lady in the land. There is no aspect of dress or lingerie left unprovided; no taste or purse unconsidered. The pre-eminence of COURTAULDS' FABRICS is due to sterling value, reliable quality, and fitness for a number of purposes. Ask your draper to show you the newest patterns and designs of the COURTAULDS' FABRICS named below. The name is on the selvedge.

"Luvisca"

37/38 inches wide.
Striped Designs. 3/3d. Per Yard.
Plain and Self-checks. 3/6d. Per Yard.

A FINE substantial and highly durable fabric, with all the advantages of silk. Washes and wears perfectly. For Children's Frocks and Dresses, Ladies' Lingerie, Overalls and Pyjamas, etc.

"Delysia"

37/38 inches wide.
3/11½d. Per Yard.

UNRIVALLED in texture, colourings and reliability. For dainty Lingerie, durable Dresses and Children's Frocks. Many delicate but dependable shades.

"Xantha" FABRICS

48/49 inches wide.
5/11d. Per Yard.

THE standard Knitted Fabric for Lingerie—light, soft, and very supple. Perfect in wear and wash. Obtainable in a host of delicate shades.

San-Toy Printed Fabrics

EASILY draping, safe to wash, whatever grade or effect is chosen. Fascinating colours and designs. For Dresses, Jumper-Suits, Children's wear, etc.

"Courgette"

36/37 inches wide.
6/11d. Per Yard.

A NEW, extremely soft and reliable Crêpe Suède Fabric of highest quality. Guaranteed in every respect. For dainty Lingerie and stylish Outerwear of all types. Many shades and effects.

"Clytie" SATIN

38/39 inches wide.
5/6d. Per Yard.

A RICH, lovely Dress Satin, specially created for modish Evening and Afternoon Frocks, Wedding Gowns, Children's best wear and all important occasions. Wonderfully durable, guaranteed finest grade. Various charming colours.

"Courlyn"

37/38 inches wide.
6/11d. Per Yard.

ARTIFICIAL Silk and Wool Marocain of finest texture and lovely finish. Very soft and graceful. Excellent for Gowns, Frocks, Lingerie, Children's wear. Many beautiful colours.

"Courcain"

38/39 inches wide.
4/11½d. Per Yard.

A REALLY dependable, hard-wearing Artificial Silk and Wool Marocain, producing at reasonable cost charming outer and intimate garments for Ladies' and Children's wear.

Courtaulds' 100% WASHING SATIN

A hard-wearing Washing Satin, for Lingerie, Dressing Gowns, Wraps, etc. All the latest shades and colourings.

39 inches wide.
5/11d. Per Yard.

All the above Fabrics are produced from Courtaulds' Finest Artificial Silk Yarns.

Courtaulds' Fabrics

woven by Courtaulds Limited—are obtainable from leading Drapers and Stores everywhere. If any difficulty, please write Courtaulds Limited (Dept. F.21), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest Retailer and descriptive literature.

None genuine without name on selvedge or garment tab.

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Beautiful Stage Dresses

"THE TRUTH GAME," which has just been produced at the Globe Theatre, is a sparkling comedy which is veritably full of interest, for quite apart from the acting and the amusing dialogue, one is able to witness the crystallisation of the very best and newest of Fashion's whims in the delightful day and evening dresses which are worn. When the curtain rises on the first act it discloses Miss Lily Elsie and Mr. Ivor Novello standing on the doorstep of a house in Mayfair in the early hours of the morning. Her dress and cloak of turquoise blue provide most effectively the only touch of clear colour. Georgette is used for the straight frock, which is flared at the hem, and is embroidered with small scattered flowers. The circular cloak of velvet is bordered with peach-dyed fox. Another most distinguished *ensemble* worn by her is of black ring velvet, the tight-fitting bodice being set off by flounced draperies on the skirt, which dips markedly at one side. On the corsage she wears a large diamond brooch, and on one wrist broad diamond bracelets. The accompanying cloak follows the same lines and is lined with lustrous white velvet, having a luxurious collar and cuffs of white fox.

A jumper suit of woven silk and wool and a woollen three-piece have been chosen by the little hostess and the owner of the puppy, while the second guest wears a coat of Westmorland tweed. From Woolland's

The fabricating medium of this charming set is Celanese Locknit, adorned with appliquéd net. These well-cut garments provide an excellent foundation for clinging Autumn dresses

Sketches by Clyté

Irreproachable Afternoon Gowns

MISS LILY ELSIE also wears an afternoon dress that is a triumph of perfection. Made of salmon-pink lace, it dips from a point just below the left knee. A coatee follows the same lines as the double skirt, drooping over the right hip, and cut quite short at the left side, where it is tied by a satin bow at the neck. Miss Lilian Braithwaite first appears in a deep red velvet dress, with two *godets* in front, and a panel of *godets* at the back. Very fine lace forms a vest, and one waterfall rever, a narrow strip being carried across the shoulders. The second rever is of velvet. A hat of velour and *panne* in two shades matches the frock and the flower at her waist.

A Faery Frock

REALLY lovely is a flowing gossamer-like evening gown worn by Miss Lilian Braithwaite. It is of flowered chiffon, the coral and black pattern delicately embroidered in *diamanté*. The flared skirt dips at each side, and the bolero top has a low, round neck. There is also a matching handkerchief square which makes a graceful wrap, and she favours an onyx and diamond pendant on a black ribbon. Miss Mabel Sealby wears severely simple dresses which admirably suit her, and Miss Viola Tree is—as she intends to be—a splendid object lesson in how not to dress!

Modes for Schoolgirls

THERE is a particular delight in dressing children, for becoming clothes make them so enchanting, and they are so proud of them. At the head of this page are three little girls whose garments have come from Woolland's, of Knightsbridge. The small hostess wears a woven silk and

A quartette of overblouses which would promote harmony in conjunction with any suit. Tucked crêpe de Chine, a severely tailored model, and figured crêpe de Chine are here exploited by Walpole Bros.

wool jumper suit, the skirt of which is joined on to a Jap silk bodice. It may be obtained in several lovely colours from 49*s*. 6*d*. The owner of the puppy has donned a three-piece suit of finely woven wool. The skirt and the sleeveless cardigan are available in hyacinth, leaf green, or cherry, with these shades bordering the natural coloured jumper, and it costs 75*s*. 6*d*. for the 36in. size. The other guest is warmly clad in a coat of basket weave Westmorland tweed, trimmed with insertions of leather, and finished with a fur collar to tone. The matching hat costs 49*s*. 6*d*., while the price of the coat is 8 gs.

Well-cut Lingerie

THE advantages of civilisation seem so natural and so inevitable to those who have always enjoyed them that it is extremely difficult to conceive what life would be like without them. Pondering on this one's thoughts turn to the luxuries that today practically everybody regards as necessities, and one finds it almost impossible to imagine what women could have done before such garments as those fashioned from Celanese fabrics made it possible for them to have beautiful things at a moderate cost. At the foot of the previous page are chemise and knickers of Celanese Locknit, trimmed with net on which there is an *appliqué* design. Excellently cut, they are exceedingly durable despite their dainty appearance and delicate colour. A nightdress and a petticoat to match complete this set. Mention must be made of the new Celanese Jap undergarments, which are obtainable in a full range of lace-trimmed or embroidered models.

The Tale of a Shirt

THERE is, perhaps, no clearer indication of a woman's personality than that which she unconsciously reveals in the choice of her jumpers and shirts. Their range is so wide that they have, in a greater degree than almost anything else, the power to bestow individuality upon even the most severe suit. She who visits the salons of Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, 175, Sloane Street, and 108, Kensington High Street, can be absolutely certain that there is no possibility of making a mistake, for every one of their garments is quietly distinguished and correct. At the head of this page, on the extreme left, is a *crêpe de Chine* jumper adorned with panels of tucks and a knotted tie at the point of the neck. It costs 49*s*. 6*d*. Next comes a rather similar overblouse, but here the vest is tucked diagonally, while bands of vertical tucks appear on the cuffs and the hip-band. The price of this one is 55*s*. 9*d*. The third is a shirt which can be made in *crêpe de Chine* for 49*s*. 6*d*., or in spun silk for 25*s*. 9*d*. It has a detachable collar. Lastly, there is an overblouse of figured *crêpe de Chine* with a tie collar. This may be obtained in lovely colours for 55*s*. 9*d*.

Scarves certainly came to stay, for they seem to be regarded with greater favour than ever. Here are two very good reasons propounded by the Grande Maison de Blanc
Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

A Real Treasure Trove

IN whatever other directions Fashion may have exercised her feminine prerogative of changing her mind, she has remained faithful to the cult of scarves. They appear at all times, and on every sort of suit, coat, and dress, and they may be expressed in fur, or wool, or the most gossamer, glittering fabrics. At the Grande Maison de Blanc of Paris, 133, New Bond Street, are to be found many delightful interpretations of this mode. Illustrated in the centre of this page is a three-cornered handkerchief in white *crêpe de Chine* with a four-coloured border and an amusing pattern of groups of spots. The shape is one which can be arranged easily and very effectively. Below it is a square scarf with a bold design of blue and red squares on a cream ground. This would look admirable on a dark suit or a severely simple dress of beige or stone stockinette. It must not be forgotten that exquisite lingerie may be seen in these salons, as well as baby wear and household linens and the newest sports jumpers which have just arrived from Paris.

Look for Film

(Run your tongue across your teeth and feel it!)

That's what makes your teeth look "off-colour." That's what invites decay

Please make this remarkable dental test, which gives "off-colour" teeth dazzling whiteness by removing that dingy film.

IN a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth this new way. Dazzling whiteness will supplant that "off-colour" look of your teeth. Your gums will become firm and take on a healthy coral tint.

Film . . . the trouble

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them. That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy "off-colour" look. It is a potential source of most tooth troubles.

Old time methods fail in successfully combating it. *That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull—your gums soft and toneless.*

New methods remove it and firm the gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

What you see when film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Get a tube from your chemist to day.

Pepsodent
MARK
TRADE
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

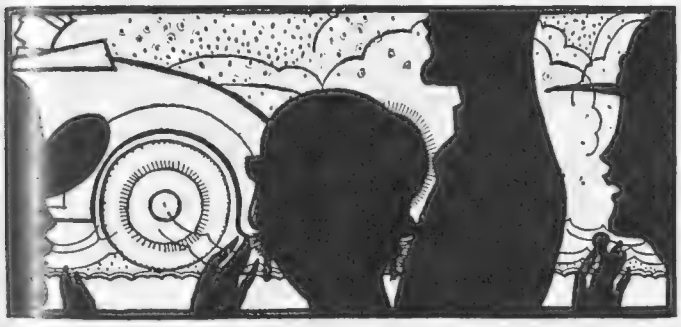
Take No Risks —Take GENASPRIN

The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

"THE LANCET" has declared Genasprin to be "particularly pure." Because of its absolute purity, Genasprin brings speedy relief in cases of Headache, Colds, Rheumatism and all Nerve Pains without endangering the heart or disturbing the digestion.

At all Chemists—2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH LEICS.



Dust is Unhealthy

You can't always avoid the other fellow's dust but you can avoid a dry irritating throat.

Dust is laden with germs and is a most efficient agent for spreading disease.

Keep your mouth clean and healthy with the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. You will like their refreshing taste of pure Black Currant Juice: their soothing properties are wonderful.

Your Chemist stocks them

In Tins 2 oz. 8d. 4 oz. 1/3

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Concerning Manfield's "Waukenphast"

The point is this:

By wasting time and money, it is possible for a man to get as good a shoe as the "Waukenphast."

It is impossible for him, either by searching or spending, to get a better.

So long ago as 1879, the genial wit of "Mr. Punch" helped to make "Waukenphast" shoes famous.

They are world-renowned to-day.

Made only by

Manfield

LONDON - *170, Regent St., W.1. 228-9, Piccadilly, W.1. 376-7, Strand, W.C.2. 24-25, Poultry, E.C.2, and 16 other Branches. Also in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and 45 Provincial Branches.*

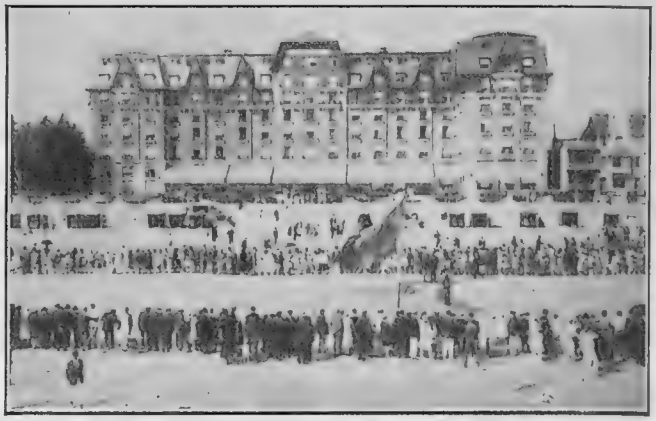
PARIS, BRUSSELS, AMSTERDAM, PHILADELPHIA Etc.

Some Notable Records

Among the most notable of the recent records issued by Brunswick are two violin solos by Mishel Peasho, two songs, "Wherever You Are" and "My Angel," sung by the tenor, Sciappy Lambert. Of the dance music some of the best records are "Dolores" and "I Love That Girl," played by the Six Jumping Jacks Dance Band, "Varsity Drag" and "Good News," from the musical play "Good News," played by Abe Lyman's California Orchestra, and "Just Imagine" and "Wherever You Are," from the same show, played by Fred Elizalde and his band. Two humorous Scottish songs, "I'm Eighty in the Mornin'" and "My Bonnie Hieland Maggie," sung by Sandy McFarlane.

A THANET WEDDING

Mr. Montague Brown, who is well known in rowing circles in Kingston-on-Thames, with his bride, Miss Joyce Dennant, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dennant. They were married at Holy Trinity, Broadstairs



SPORT ON THE CONTINENT

A photograph taken at the recent *raid hippique* which was held at La Baule. The crowd are seen waiting for the finish

Seaside Week-ends

The L.N.E.R. announce that combined week-end tickets, including travel and accommodation at the Sandringham Hotel, Hunstanton, or the Felix Hotel, Felixstowe, will again be issued from Liverpool Street and the principal stations in the South-East of England, and are now available.

The inclusive charges for the Sandringham Hotel are 75s. first-class and 63s. third-class, a reduction of 6s. 6d. and 5s. on last year's rates. For the Felix Hotel the charge is £4 4s., first-class.

A Shaving Grace

Those who live in districts where the water is hard will be interested to hear of a preparation that makes it as delightfully soft and smooth as rain water. Sharon Water Softener is a golden powder exported from the East. It is packed in dainty little barrels, and since it is guaranteed to be free from soda, borax, and similar undesirable matter, it may be safely used for the most delicate and tender skins. All chemists and stores sell it.

A Famous Scots Firm

"Lunch or tea at Mackie's" has long been an institution in Edinburgh, and there are few places as pleasant to take a meal as the balconies of this famous shop and restaurant in Princes Street. Messrs. Mackie's cakes and shortbread are famous, and the latter delicacy has a world-wide reputation. They also make chocolates and other sweetmeats. An attractive illustrated brochure has been prepared giving details and prices of all the many varieties of commodity prepared by this firm, copies of which can be obtained from J. W. Mackie & Sons, Ltd., 108, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

VICHY-CÉLESTINS *Natural* Mineral Water comes from the world-famous Célestins Spring. It is bottled at the Source, under State Supervision.

Taken at mealtime, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite, and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

VICHY ETAT

Chivers' Jellies

for Clearness for Flavour above all for Quality

Flavoured with ripe fruit juices. For more than half a century the name "Chivers" has been recognised by housewives everywhere as the symbol of purity—and quality that never varies.

CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd.
The Orchard Factory,
HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

Advt. of ROBERT McNISH & CO. LTD., Glasgow and London. An Independent House of over 70 years' standing.

Look well, keep warm and dry in~

Rubber Wellingtons *this winter*

Issued by the Rubber Growers' Association, Inc., in conjunction with Rubber Footwear Manufacturers.

D.A.17

A really good "Coat and Skirt" forms an indispensable item in every woman's outfit. It will wear well, look well, and *clean* well. The latter is quite an important consideration now-a-days, when every woman relies upon the aid of an expert cleaner to keep her yearly dress bill within a reasonable limit. And women who are particular realise the superiority of cleaning by

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office and Works:
Hackney Wick
London, E.9

BRANCHES AND AGENTS ALMOST EVERYWHERE

R.2(illegible)

FERNDEN

GREEN HARD COURTS
(Patented)

THE BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1927 - 1928 WERE PLAYED EXCLUSIVELY ON

FERNDEN

COURTS AT BOURNEMOUTH.

The reputation of the Fernden Green Court is now firmly established. The records of sales and orders in hand are proof of this, between **150 and 200** FERNDEN COURTS being on order at the present time. The Company claims to have put down more green hard courts than **all other makers combined.** Fernden Courts have replaced many of the red rubble type. These facts should influence customers in choosing the Fernden Court.

AS LAID FOR

H.M. The King at Windsor Castle

AND

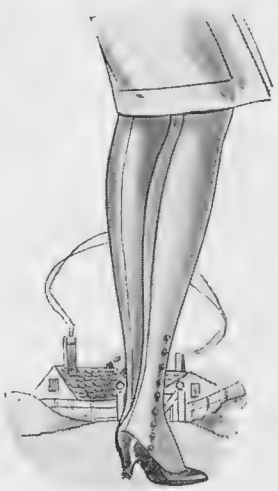
All England L.T.C., Ranelagh Club, Queen's Club, etc., etc.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS TO

Fernden Tennis Court Co. Ltd.
1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

Branch Office:
78, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



On the left:

USEFUL WOOLLEN GAITER

Of good quality, beautifully shaped and closely fitting to come above knee, equally suitable for town or country wear. Finished double elastic under instep, and trimmed buttons at ankle. In Camel, Beige, Grey, or Black.

Price **9/11** *per pair.*

On the right:

RENOWNED "KAYSER" SILK HOSE

With new shaped "Haf-Heel," lisle feet and tops, thoroughly reliable in wear. In Black, White, Aluminium, Arab, Boulevard, Cedar, Circassian, Flesh, Illusion, Jupiter, Mercury, Naturelle, Neptune, Nude, Patio, Platinum, Riviera, Rose-Taupe, Rosita, Saturn, Soudan, Taupe, or Venus.

Price **7/11** *per pair.*

Also in heavier quality, **9/11** *per pair.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON S.W.1.

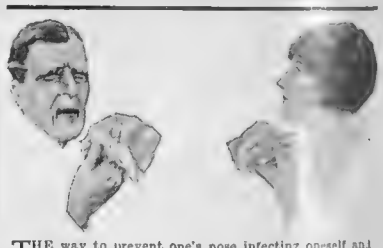
"KISSINGA"
ANTI-CORPULENCE TABLETS

A safe & certain cure for obesity. Compounded from a vegetable base with the addition of the famous Kissingen Spring Salt. They do not contain thyroid or iodine, and cannot affect the heart.

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Price 4/- per box of 100 tablets, obtainable from your chemist, or post free from

ROBERT W. PHILLIPS, LTD.,
Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



THE way to prevent one's nose infecting oneself and others when suffering from Influenza Colds and Nasal Catarrh is to use always the original "TOINOCO SILKY FIBRE" Handkerchiefs, and destroy immediately afterwards. **Aseptic, Odourless, Soft, delightful to use.**

In Sealed Cartons containing **50 for 2/-**, from Chemists

Refuse Cheap Imitations.

If any difficulty in procuring, 2/- carton will be sent Post Free by the **TOINOCO HANDKERCHIEF CO., LTD.,** Dept. B., 55, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., who will send Free Fairy Story for Children,

"Keep those little Chimneys clean."

Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers,

2 6 or direct—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

THE MODE FOR AUTUMN
Fur Trimmed Coats

Matron's Coat in Black Chenille Cloth

MADE of a fine quality material, cut on generous lines with new wrap-over front. Collar and cuffs of rich Natural Skunk. Lined throughout Crepe de Chine. O.S. size

Price - £19

In Fine Quality Brown Chiffon Velveteen

MODEL Coat with the new flared front, finished handsome collar and cuffs of rich South American Skunk. Lined throughout Crepe de Chine. W. size

Price - £22

ARMY & NAVY
Co-operative Society, Ltd.
WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

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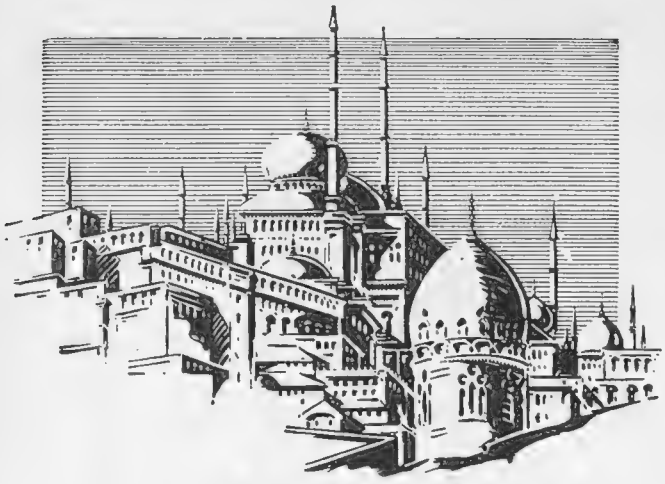

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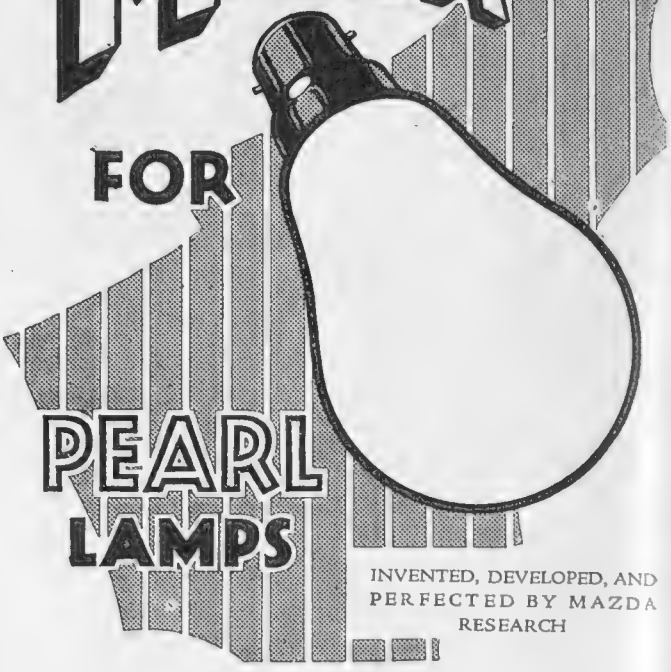

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MONK SHOE *in patent leather or brown calf, medium leather heel, suitable for town or country wear.*

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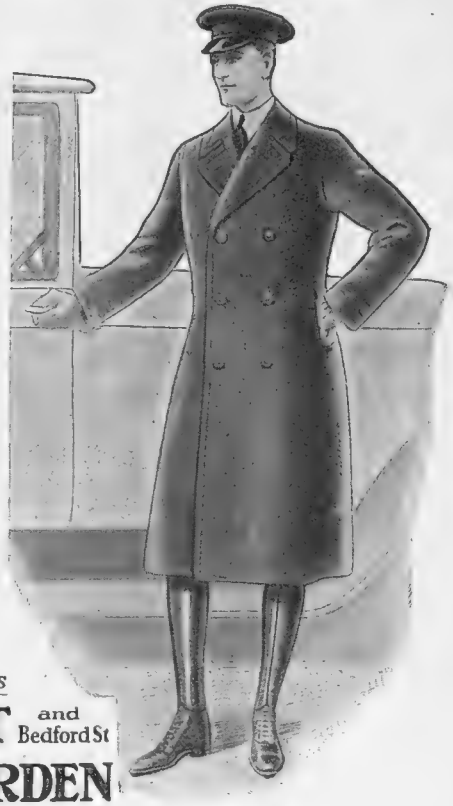

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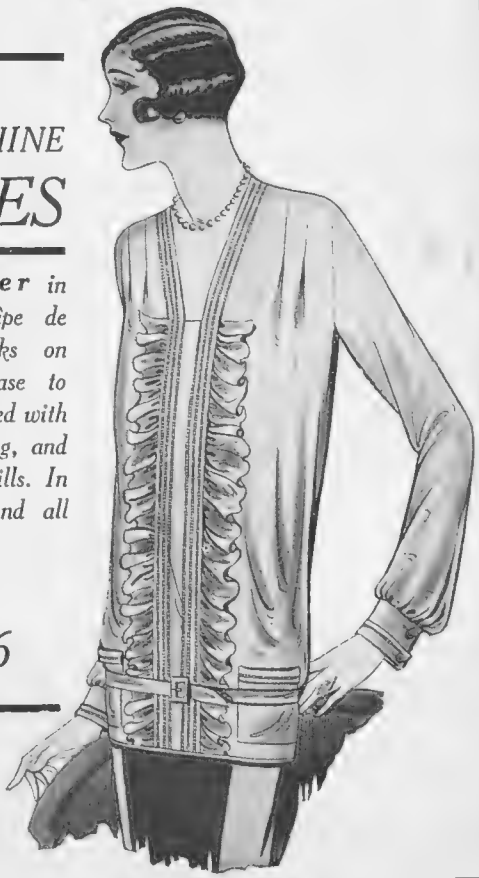

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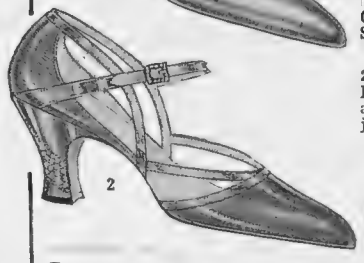

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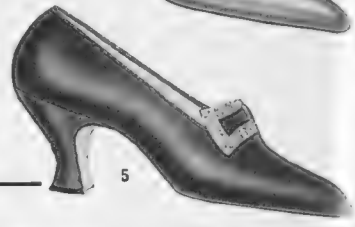

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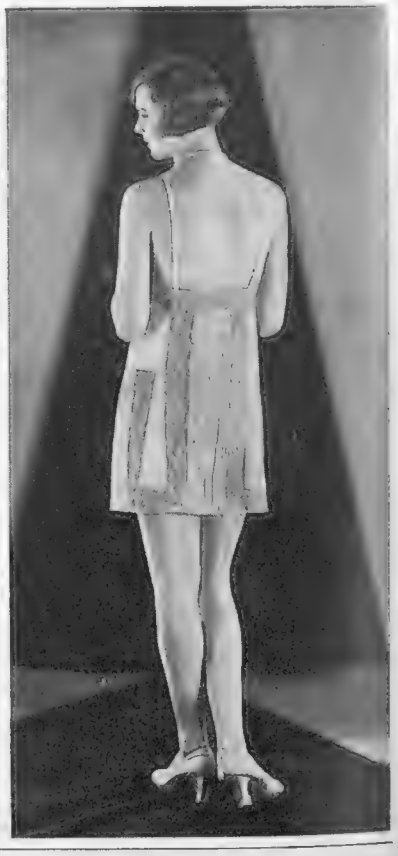

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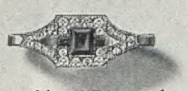
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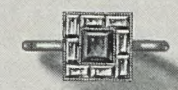
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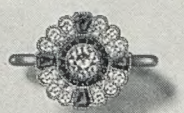
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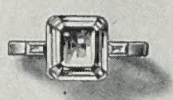
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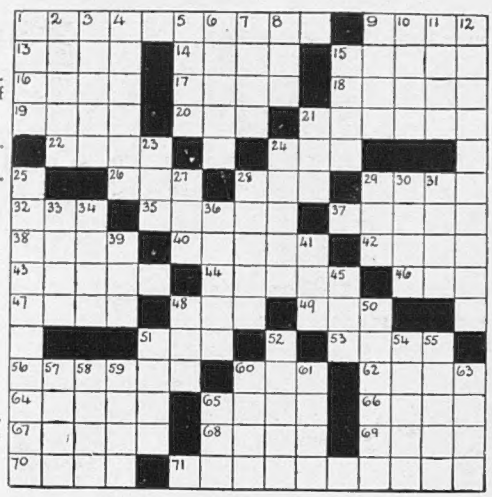
In all cases the decision of the Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERTAINED. Results will be announced in "The Daily Mail," Dec. 22nd and "The Sunday Chronicle," Dec. 23rd.



CLUES: ACROSS

1. Infectious disease, warded off by W.C.T.
9. Part of verb to be.
13. Feminine name.
14. Portend.
15. Ointment (Use Wright's Coal Tar).
16. Close.
17. Plunder.
18. Possession.
19. Entrance.
20. Measure.
21. Fittest.
22. Cosy home.
24. From.
26. Apex.
28. Mother.
29. Wash. (Do this with Wright's Coal Tar Soap.)
32. Edge.
35. With soap creates 56 across.
37. Stop.
38. Sharp.
40. Designated.
42. Feminine name.
43. Not so cold as 33 down.
44. Attitudes.
46. Affirmative.
47. Paradise.
48. Number.
49. Modern.
51. Spoil.
53. Wiles.
56. Wright's Coal Tar Soap gives a good one.
60. Wate-ing-place.
62. Flower.
64. Tapestry.
65. Related.
66. Departed.
67. Chairs.
68. Removed by Wright's Coal Tar Soap.
69. Great.
70. States.
71. Corrects dislocations.

CLUES: DOWN

1. Ballad.
2. Use Wright's Coal Tar Soap and be this.
3. Precious stone.
4. Scarcest.
5. Powerful.
6. Implements.
7. An image.
8. Mesh.
9. Inner bark.
10. Otherwise.
11. Evenings.
12. Skin trouble relieved by Wright's Coal Tar Ointment.
15. On a tablet of Wright's Coal Soap.
21. Limb.
23. Pull.
24. Passengers.
25. Used for mirrors.
27. Utensil.
28. Imp.
29. Shelter.
30. Skilfully.
31. Valley.
33. Made very cold.
34. Tube.
36. Become slenderer.
39. Noise.
41. Lair.
45. Much water here.
48. Product of Coal.
50. Provides the best soap.
51. Confusion.
52. Part of a church.
54. Fish.
55. Burn.
57. Surface.
58. Waiter.
59. Headgear.
60. Cleansed by Wright's Coal Tar Soap.
61. Emmets.
63. Prophet.
65. Fuss.

In submitting this solution I agree to all the conditions enumerated above.

Name and address should be written here in PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS .....

.....

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